

THE  
FORCED MARRIAGE  
OR THE  
Jealous Bridegroom.

A TRAGICOMEDY.

As it is Acted at His HIGHNESS

THE  
DUKE OF YORK'S  
Theatre.

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Written by A. BEHN.

*a man enfant, prend sa fortune*—

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LONDON,

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THE  
FORCED MARRIAGE  
OF THE  
CAROLINE BRIDGEMAN

A TRAGIC COMEDY  
IN FIVE ACTS  
BY  
J. H. W. L. S.  
THEATRE

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## PROLOGUE.

**G** Allants, our Poets have of late found ye,  
In Play and Prologue too, so much abus'd ye.  
That should we beg your aids, I justly fear,  
That so incens'd you'd hardly lend it here.

But when against a common Foe we arm,  
Each will assist to guard his own concern.  
Women, whose charming victors, in whose eyes,  
Lay all their Arts, and their Arilleries,  
Not being contented with the wounds they made,  
Would by new Seruicemens our Light invade.

Beauty alone goes now at too cheap rates;  
And therefore they like Wise and Politick States,  
Court a new power that may the old supply,  
And keep as well as gain the Victory.

They'll joyn the Force of Wit to Beauty now,  
And so maintain the right they have in you;  
If the vain Sex this privilege should boast,  
Past cure of a declining face we're lost.

You'll never know the bliss of change, this Art  
Retrieves (when Beauty fades), the wandering heart,  
And though the Airy Spirits move no more,  
Wit still invites as beauty did before.

To day one of their party ventures out,  
Not with design to Conquer; but to Scout;  
Discourage but this first attempt, and then,  
They'll hardly dare to sally out again.

The Poets too, they say, has spies abroad,  
Which have dispos'd themselves in every road,

PROLOGUE

In the upper Box, Pit, Galleries, every face  
 You find disgridd, in a black Velvet Case.  
 My life on't, is her Spy on purpose sent,  
 To hold you in a man on Compliment  
 That if you may not censure what she's writing  
 Which done, they le face you down, was full of wit.  
 Thus, while I'm common prize you hope to win  
 You let the Tyrant Kicker enter in  
 I beg to day you'd lay that humour by  
 Till you rencounter at the Nursery  
 Where they like Centinels, from Duty free  
 May meet and wanton with the Enemy

How hast thou labour'd to subvert in vain,  
 What one poor smile of ours calls home again;  
 Can any see that glorious sight, and say,  
 A Woman shall not Victor prove to day;  
 Who is't that to their Beauty would submit,  
 And yet refuse the Fetters of their Wit.  
 He tells you tales of Stratagems and Spies,  
 Can they need Art that have such powerful eyes?  
 Believe me, Gallants, he as much as you all  
 There's not a Vizard in our whole Cabal  
 Those are but Picker-guns that scour for prey,  
 And catch up all they meet with in their way;  
 Who can no Captives take, for all they do,  
 Is pillage ye, then gladly let you go;  
 Ours scorn the petty spoils, and do prefer  
 The Glory, not the Interest of the War:  
 But yet our Forces shall obliging prove,  
 Imposing nought but constancie in love,  
 That's all our Aim; and when we have it done,  
 We'll sacrifice it all to pleasure you

# *THE* **EPILOGUE, by a Woman.**

*We charg'd you boldly in our first Advance,  
 And gave the Onset A la mode de France,  
 As each had been a Peer of Orleans.  
 Like them our Heat as soon abated too;  
 Alas, we could not vanquish with a show,  
 Much more then that goes to the conquering you.*

*The trial though, will recompence the pain,  
 It having wisely taught us how to reign,  
 'Tis Beauty only can our Power maintain.*

*But yet as tributary Kings we own,  
 It is by you that we possess that Throne,  
 Where had we Victors been, we had reign'd alone.*

*And we have promis'd what we could not do,  
 A fault, methinks, might be forgiven too,  
 Since 'tis but what we learn'd of some of you.*

*But we are now equal to our former state,  
 For neither Conquer, since we both submit;  
 You, to our Beauty; you, to our Wit.*

*Scene within the Court of  
 FRANCE.*

*THE*

*Dr.*

# Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Westwood.	King.
Mr. Smith.	Philander his Son betrothed to Erminia.
Mr. Betterton.	Alcippus Favorite, in love with Erminia.
Mr. Norris.	Oquilius, late General, father to Erminia.
Mr. Young.	Alexander, friend to the Prince, in love with Erminia.
Mr. Cademan.	Pisano, friend to the young General Alcippus.
Mr. Angel.	Palatio, a Phantastick Courtier.
Mr. Crosby.	La Bree, his man.
	Cleontius, Servant to the Prince, and Brother to Isillia.
Mrs. Jennings.	Galatea, daughter to the King.
Mrs. Betterton.	Erminia, Daughter to Oquilius, espoused to the Prince.
Mrs. Wright.	Aminta, Sister to Pisano, in love with Alexander.
Mrs. Lee.	Olinda, Sister to Alexander, Maid of Honour to the Princess.
Mrs. Clough.	Isillia, Sister to Cleontius, woman to Erminia.
	Isillia, woman to Aminta.
	Pages and Attendants.

Scene within the Court of  
FRANCE.

THE



THE  
**FORCED MARRIAGE,**  
 OR THE  
**Jealous Bridegroom.**

**ACT I. SCENE I.**

*Enter King, Phillander, Orgulous, Alcippus, Alcander, Philauro, Cleontious, Fallatius, And Officers.*

*King.* **H**OW shall I now divide my Gratitude,  
 Between a Son, and one that has obliged  
 me,

Beyond the common duty of a subject?

*Phi.* Believe me, Sir, he merits all  
 your Bounty;

I only took Example by his Actions,

And all the part o' th' victory which I gain'd,

Was but deriv'd from him.

*King.* Brave youth, whose Infant-years did bring us Con-  
 quests.



And as thou grew'st to man, thou grew'st in glory,  
 And had arriv'd to such a pitch of it;  
 As all the slothful youth that shall succeed thee,  
 Shall mete reproaches of thy early Actions;  
 When men shall say, thus did the brave *Alcippus*;  
 And that great Name shall every soul inspire,  
 With Emulation, to arrive at something,  
 That's worthy thy Example.

*Alcip.* I must confess I had the Honour, Sir,  
 To lead on twenty thousand fighting men,  
 Whom Fortune gave the glory of the day to.  
 I only bade them fight, and they obey'd me;  
 But 'twas my Prince that taught them how to do so;

*Kin.* I do believe *Phillander* wants no courage;  
 But what he did was to preserve his own.  
 But thine the pure effects of highest valour,  
 For which, if ought below my Crown can recom-  
 pence;

Name it, and take it, as the price of it,

*Alcip.* The Duty which we pay your Majesty  
 Ought to be such, as what we pay the Gods;  
 Which alwayes bears its recompence about it.

*Kin.* Yet suffer me to make thee some return,  
 Though not for thee, yet to encourage Bra-  
 very.

I know thy soul is generous enough,  
 To think a glorious act rewards it self.  
 But those who understand not so much vertue,  
 Will call it my neglect and want of gratitude;  
 In this thy modesty will wrong thy King.

*Alcip.* By this pause you seem to doubt  
 My Power or Will, in both you are too  
 blame.

*Alcip.* Your pardon Sir, I never had a thought  
 That could be guilty of so great a sin,  
 That I was capable to do you service,  
 Was the most gratefull bounty Heaven allowed  
 me,

And

And I no juster way could own that blessing,  
Then to imploy the guilt for your repose.

*Kin.* I shall grow angry, and believe your  
pride

Would put the guilt off on your modesty,  
Which would refuse what that believes below it.

*Phil.* Your Majesty thinks too severely of him,  
Permit me, Sir, to recompence his valour,  
I saw the wonders on't, and thence may guess  
In some degree, what may be worthy of it.

*Kin.* I like it well, and till thou hast perform'd  
it,

I will divest my self of all my power,  
And give it thee, till thou hast made him great.

*Phi.* I humbly thank you Sir — —

And here I do create him General.

You seem to wonder, as if I dispossest  
The brave *Orgulious*, but be pleas'd to  
know,

[*Bows to the King,  
takes the Staffe  
from Orgul. and  
gives to Alcip. who  
looks amazedly.*]

Such Reverence and respect I owe that Lord,  
As had himself not made it his Petition,  
I sooner should have parted with my Right,  
Then have discharg'd my debt, by injuring him.

*Kin.* *Orgulious*, are you willing to resign it.

*Org.* With your permission, Sir, most willingly;  
His vigorous youth is fitter for't, then age,  
Which now has rendred me uneapable  
Of what that can with more success perform;  
My heart and wishes are the same they were,  
But time has quite depriv'd me of that power  
That should assist a happy Conqueror.

*Kin.* Yet time has added little to your years  
Since I restor'd you to this great Command,  
And then you thought it not unfit for you.

*Org.* Sir, was it fit I should refuse your Grace?  
That was your act of mercy: and I took it  
To clear my innocency, and reform the errors  
Which those receiv'd who did believe me guilty,

(4)  
Or that my Crimes were greater than that mercy,  
I took it, Sir, in scorn of those that hated me,  
And now resign it to the Man you love.

*King.* We need not this proof to confirm thy Loyalty,  
Nor am I yet so barren of rewards,  
But I can finde a way, without depriving  
Thy Noble Head of its victorious wreathes,  
To crown anothers Temples.

*Org.* I humbly beg your Majesty's consent to't;  
If you believe *Alcippus* worthy of it,  
The generous youth I have bred up to Battels,  
Taught him to overcome, and use that Conquest,  
As modestly as his submissive Captive  
His Melancholy, (but his easie letters,  
To meet Deaths horrors with undaunted looks,  
How to despise the hardships of a Siege,  
To suffer, cold and hunger, want of sleep,  
Nor knew he other rest then on his Horse-back,  
Where he would sit and take a hearty Nap,  
And then too dreamt of fighting:  
I could continue on a day in telling  
The wonders of this Warrior.

*King.* I credit all, and do submit to you.  
But yet *Alcippus* seems displeas'd with it.

*Alcip.* Ah Sir! too late I find my confidence  
Has overcome m' unhappy bashfulness;  
I had an humbler suit to approach you with;  
But this unlook't for Honour  
Has so confounded all my tender Asms,  
As were they not essential to my Being,  
I durst not name them after what you have done.

*King.* It is not well to think my kindness limited;  
This, from the Prince you hold, the next from me;  
Be what it will, I here declare it mine.

— Upon my life, designs upon a Lady;  
I guess it from thy blushing.

— Name her, and here thy King engages for her.

*Alj.* Oh Gods! — What have I done: —  
*Alcip.*

*Alcip. Erminia, Sir,*

*Phi. I'm ruin'd,*

*Kin. Alcippus, with her father's leave,*

*org. Sir, 'Tis my Aim and Honour,*

*Phi. Alcippus, 'ist a time to think of Weddings,*

When the disorder'd Troops require your presence;

You must to th' Camp tomorrow.

*Alcip. You need not urge that Duty to me, Sir,*

*Kin. A day or two will finish that Affair,*

And then we'll consummate the happy day.

When all the Court shall celebrate your joy.

*Pis. Falatio, you are a swift Horseman,*

I believe you have a Mystress at Court,

You made such haste this Morning.

*Fal. By Jove, Pisaro, I was enough weary of the*

*Campaign;* and till I had lost sight of it,

I clapt on all my spurs

But what ails *Alcander*?

*Pis. What, displeas'd,*

*Alcand. It may be so, what then?*

*Pis. Then thou mayst be pleas'd again.*

*Alcan. Why the devil should I rejoyce?*

Because I see another rais'd above me.

Let him be great, and dam'd with all his greatness.

*Pis. Thou mean'st Alcippus, whom I think merits it.*

*Alcan. What is't that thou call'st merit?*

He fought, 'tis true, and so did you, and I,

And gain'd as much as he, and victory.

But he in the Triumphal Chariot cometh,

Whilst we ador'd him like a Demi-god.

He with the Prince an equal welcom found;

Was with like Garlands, tho' less merit crown'd.

*Fa. He's in the right for that, by Jove,*

*Pis. Nay, now you wrong him.*

*Alcan. What's he, I should not speak my sense of him?*

*Pis. He is our General.*

*Alcan. What then?*

What is't that he can do, which I decline?



Has he more youth, more strength, or arms than I?  
 Can he preserve himself i'th' heat of battail?  
 Or can he singly fight a whole Brigade?  
 Can he receive a thousand wounds and live?

*Fal.* Can you or he do so?

*Alcan.* I do not say I can, but tell me then,  
 Where be the vertues of this mighty man,  
 That he should brave it over all the rest?

*Pis.* Faith he has many vertues, and much courage;  
 And merits it as well as you or I,  
*Orgulous* was grown old.

*Alcan.* What then?

*Pis.* What then, he was unfit for it,  
 But that he had a Daughter who was young.

*Alcan.* Yes, he might have lain by like  
 Rusty Armour else,  
 Had she not brought him into play again;  
 The Devil take her for't.

*Fal.* By *Fove*, he's dissatisfied with every thing.

*Alcan.* She has undone my Prince;  
 And he has most unluckily disarm'd himself,  
 And put the Sword into his Rivalls hand;  
 Who will return it to his grateful bosom.

*Pis.* Why you believe *Alecippus* honest.

*Alcan.* Yes, in your sence *Pisaro*,  
 But do not like the last demand he made,  
 'Twas but an ill return upon his Prince  
 To beg his Mistress, rather challeng'd her.

*Pis.* His Ignorance that she was so, may excuse him.

*Alcan.* The Devil 'twill, dost think he knew it not.

*Pis.* *Orgulous* still design'd him for *Erminia*,  
 And if the Prince be disoblige'd from this,  
 He only ought to take it ill from him.

*Alcan.* Too much *Pisaro* you excuse his pride,  
 But 'tis the office of a friend to do so.

*Pis.* 'Tis true I am not ignorant of this,  
 That he despises other recompence  
 For all his services, but fair *Erminia*,



(7)  
I know 'tis long since he resign'd his heart,  
Without so much as telling her the conquer'd  
And yet she knew he lov'd; whilst she, ingrate,  
Repaid his passion only with her scorn.

*Alcan.* In loving him she's more ingrateful prove  
To her first vows, to reason and to love.

*Pis.* For that *Alexander* you know more than I.

*Fal.* Why sure *Aminta* will instruct her better,  
Shee's as inconstant as the Seas and Winds,  
Which ne're are calm but to betray Adventurers.

*Alcan.* How came you by that knowledge Sir?

*Fal.* What a pox makes him ask me that question now. *[Aside]*

*Pis.* Pr'ythee *Alexander* now we talk of her,  
How go the Amours twixt you and my wilde sister;

Can you speak yet, or do you tell your tale,  
With eyes and sighs, as you were wont to do,

*Alcan.* Faith much at that old rate, *Pisare*,  
I yet have no encouragement from her  
To make my Court in any other language.

*Pis.* You'l bring her to, she must be over come,  
And you'r the fittest for her fickle humour.

*Alcan.* Pox on't, this change will spoil our making Love,  
We must be sad and follow the Court Mode,  
My life on't you'l see desperate doings here;  
The Eagle will not part so with his prey;

*Erminia* was not gain'd so easily  
To be resign'd so tamely: but come my Lord,  
This will not satisfy our appetites,  
Let's in to dinner, and when warm with wine  
We shall be fitter for a new design.

*Fal.* Now am I in a very fine condition,  
A comfortable one as I take it;  
I have ventur'd my life to some purpose now;  
What confounded luck was this, that he of all men  
Living, should happen to be my Rivall,  
Well, I'll go visit *Aminta*, and see how  
She receives me. —

Why where a dute hast thou dispos'd of

*[They go out]*  
*Fal. says.*

*[Exit Labre]*  
Thy

(8)  
Thy self all this day, I will be bound to tell you all I know  
Hang'd, if thou hast not a hankering after  
Some young wench; thou couldst never loyter  
Thus else; but I'll forgive thee now, and prithe thee go to  
My Lady *Aminta's* Lodgings: Kiss her hand  
From me: and tell her I am just returned from  
The Campaign: mark that word, *Sirrah*.

*Labre*. I shall Sir, 'tis truth.

*Fal*. Well, that's all one; but if she should  
Demand any thing concerning me, (for  
Love's inquisitive) dost hear: as to my wounds, or so;  
Thou understand'st me: tell her  
I acted as became a man that pretend to the glory of  
Serving her.

*Lab*. I warrant you, Sir, for a speech.

*Fa*. Nay, thou mayst speak as well too much  
As too little, have a care of that, dost hear?  
And if she ask what wounds I have: dost mind me?  
Tell her I have many, very many.

*La*. But whereabouts, Sir?

*Fa*. Let me see——let me see: I know not where  
To place them——I think in my *Bee*.

*La*. By no means, Sir, you had much better  
Have them in your *Posterior*: For then the Ladies  
Can never disprove you: they'll not look there.

*Fa*. The sooner, you fool, for the *fartier* out.

*La*. Sir, the Novelty is not so great, I assure you.

*Fa*. Go to, you're wicked: but I will have them in my face.

*La*. With all my heart, Sir, but how?

*Fa*. I'll wear a patch or two there; and I'll  
Warrant you for pretences as much as any man,  
And who, you fool, shall know the *factories*?

*La*. That, Sir, will all that know you, both in the  
Court and Camp.

*Fa*. Mark me, *Labree*, once for all, if thou wilt  
Delight continually thus to put me in mind of  
My want of Courage, I shall undoubtedly  
Fall foul on thee, and give thee most fatal proofs

(2)  
Of more then thou expectest.

*La.* Nay Sir, I have done, and do believe tis only  
I dare say you are a man of prowess.

*Fa.* Leave thy simple fancies, and go about  
Thy business.

*La.* I am gone, but heark my Lord,  
If I should say your face were wounded,  
The Ladies would fear you had lost your  
Beauty.

*Fa.* O never trouble your head for that, *Aminia*  
Is a wit, and your Wits care not how ill Favour'd  
Their men be, the more ugly the better.

*La.* And be so, you'll fir them to a hair.

*Fa.* Thou art a Coxcomb, to think a man of my  
Quality needs the advantage of handsomness:  
A trifle, as insignificant as wit or valour: poor  
Nothings, which Men of fortune ought to despise.

*La.* Why do you then keep such a stir to gain  
The reputation of this thing you so despise.

*Fa.* To please the peevish humour of a woman,  
Who in that point only is a fool.

*La.* You had a Mistress once, if you have not  
Forgotten her, who would have taken you with  
All these faults.

*Fa.* There was so: but she was poor, that's the  
Divil, I could have lov'd her else:

—But go thy ways, — what dost thou muse on?

*La.* Faith Sir, I am only fearful you will never  
Pass with those patches you speak of.

*La.* Thou never to be reclaim'd Ass, shall I never  
Bring thee to apprehend as thou ought'st: I tell thee  
I will pass and repass, where and how I please,  
Know'st thou not the difference yet, between a  
Man of money and Titles, and a man of only Parts,  
As they call them, poor Devils, of no mean nor  
Garb: Well, tis a fine and a frugal thing,  
This honour, it covers a multitude of faults;

Very ridicule in one of us is A-la-mode,  
But I detain thee; go hast to *Aminia*.

*Exeunt*  
*severally.*

## ACT, I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Gallatea, Aminia, and Olinda.*

*Gall.* Will *Erminia* come?

*Oli.* Madam, I thought she'd been already here.

*Gall.* But prethee how does she support this news?

*Oli.* Madam, as those unreconciled to Heaven  
Would beare the pangs of death.

*Am.* Time will convince her of that foolish error,  
Of thinking a brisk young Husband a torment.

*Gall.* What young Husband? —

*Am.* The General, Madam.

*Gall.* Why, dost thou think she will consent to it?

*Am.* Madam, I cannot tell, the World's inconstant.

*Gall.* I *Aminia*, in every thing but Love,  
And sure they cannot be in that:

What sayest thou, *Olinda*?

*Oli.* Madam, my judgment's naught.  
Love I have treated as a stranger guest,  
Receiv'd him well, not lodg'd him in my breast.  
I ne're durst give the unknown Tyrant room,  
Lest he should make his resting place his home.

*Gall.* Then thou art happy; but if *Erminia* fail  
I shall not live to reproach her.

*Am.* Nay, Madam, do not think of dying yet:  
There is a way, if we could think of it.

*Gall.* *Aminia*, when wilt thou this humour lose?

*Am.* Faith never, if I might my humour chuse.

*Gall.* Methinks thou now shouldst blush to bid me Live.

*Am.* Madam, 'tis the best counsel I can give.

*Gall.* Thy counsel! Prethee what dost counsel now?

*Am.* What I would take my self I counsel you.

*Gall.* You must my wounds and my misfortunes bear  
Before you can become my Counsellor.

You



You cannot guess the torments I endure:  
Not knowing the Disease you'll miss the Cure.

*Am.* Physicians, Madam, can the Patient heal  
Although the Malady they ne're did feel:

But your Disease is Epidemical,  
Nor can I that evade that conquers all.

I lov'd, and never did like pleasure know,  
Which passion did with time less vigorous grow.

*Gall.* Why hast thou lost it?

*Am.* It, and half a score.

*Gall.* Losing the first sure thou couldst love no more.

*Am.* With more facility, then when the Dart  
Arm'd with resistless fire seiz'd my heart;

'Twas long then, ere the Boy could entrance get,  
And make his little Victory complet.

But now he's got the knack on't, 'tis with ease,  
He domineers and enters when he please.

*Gall.* My heart, *Aminta*, is not like to thine.

*Am.* Faith Madam try; you'll find it just like mine.  
The first I lov'd was *Philoctetes*, and then

Made Protestations ne're to love agen,

Yet after left him for a faithless crime;

But then I languish'd even to death for him;

— But Love who suffer'd me to take no rest,

New fire-balls threw, the old scarce dispossest;

And by the greater flame the lesser light,

Like Candles in the Sun, extinguisht quite,

And left no power *Alexander* to resist,

Who took, and keeps possession of my breast.

*Gall.* Art thou a Lover then, and lookest so gay,

But thou hast ne're a father t' obey.

*Am.* Why, if I had I would obey him too.

*Gall.* And live.

*Am.* And live.

*Gall.* 'Tis more then I can do, *Enter Erminia weeping.*

— Thy Eyes, *Erminia*, do declare thy heart,

Has nothing but despair and death t' impart,

And I, alas, no comfort can apply,

*Gall. meets her, embraces her, and weeps.*



But I, as well as you, can weep and die.

*Er.* Ile not reproach my fortune, since in you  
Grief does the noblest of your Sex subdue;  
When your great soul a sorrow can admit:  
I ought to suffer from the sense of it;  
Your cause of grief too much like mine appears,  
Not to oblige my eyes to double tears;  
And had my heart no sentiments at home,  
My part in yours had doubtless fill'd the room.  
But mine will no addition more receive,  
Fate has bestow'd the worst she had to give;  
Your mighty soul can all its rage oppose,  
Whilst mine must perish by more feeble blows.

*Gall.* Indeed, I dare not say my cause of grief,  
Does yours exceed, since both are past relief;  
But if our Fates unequal do appear,  
*Erminia*, 'tis my heart that odds must bear.

*Er.* Madam, 'tis just I should to you resign;  
But here you challenge what is only mine:  
My fate so cruel is, it will not give  
Leave to *Phyllander* (if I die) to live:  
Might I but suffer all, 'twere some content;  
But who can live and see his languishment?  
You Madam do alone your sorrows bear,  
Which would be less if *Butcher* share,  
As Lovers we agree, Ile not deny  
But thou art lov'd again, so am not I.

*Er.* Madam, that grief the better is sustain'd;  
That's for a loss that never yet was gain'd:  
You only lose a man that does not know  
How great the Honour is which you bestow:  
Who dares not hope you love, or if he did,  
Your greatness would his just return forbid;  
His humble thoughts durst ne're to you aspire,  
At most he would presume but to admire;  
Or if he chanc'd he durst more daring prove,  
You still must languish in concealed love.

*Gall.* This which you argue lessens not my pain,

My

My griefs the same, were I belov'd again.  
The King my Father would his Promise keep,  
And thou must him enjoy for whom I weep.

*Er.* Ah! would I could that fatal gift deny,  
Without him you, and with him, I must die;  
My soul your Royal Brother does adore,  
And I, all kindness but from him, abhor;  
But if I must th'unsuit *Aleippus* wed,  
I vow he ne're shall come into my Bed.

*Gall.* That's bravely vow'd, and now I love thee more,  
Then ere I was oblig'd to do before.

—But yet *Erminia* guard thee from his eyes;  
Where so much love, and so much Beauty lies:  
Those charmes may conquer thee, which made me bow,  
And make thee love as well as break this Vow.

*Er.* Madam, 'tis unkind, though but to fear,  
Ought but *Phyllander* can inhabit here.

*Gall.* Ah! that *Aleippus* did not you approve,  
We then might hope these mischiefs to remove;  
The King my father might be mov'd by prayers,  
And my too powerful Brothers sad despair,  
To break his word, which kept will us undo;  
And he will lose his dear *Phyllander* too;  
Who dies and can no remedies receive;  
But vows it is for you alone he'll live.

*Er.* Ah! Madam, do not tell me how he dies,  
I've seen too much already in his eyes;  
They did the sorrows of his soul betray,  
Which need not be express'd another way:  
'Twas there I found what my misfortune was,  
Too sadly written in his lovely face;  
But see, my father comes: Madam, withdraw a while;  
And once again I'll try my interest with him.

ACT.

## ACT I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Orgulius, Erminia weeping, and Phillia.*

*Er.* Sir, does your fatal resolution hold?

*Org.* Away, away, you are a foolish Girl,  
And look with too much pride upon your Beauty;  
Which like a gawdy flower that springs too soon,  
Withers ere fully blown.

Your very tears already have betray'd  
Its weak inconstant nature;

*Alcippus*, should he look upon thee now,  
Would swear thou wert not that fine thing he lov'd.

*Er.* Why should that blessing turn to my despair,  
Curse on his faith that told him I was faire.

*Org.* 'Tis strange to me you should despise this fortune,  
I always thought you well-inclin'd to love him,  
I would not else have thus dispos'd of you.

*Er.* I humbly thank you, Sir, though't be too late,  
And wish you yet would try to change my fate;  
What to *Alcippus* you did love beleeve,  
Was such a friendship as might well deceive;  
'Twas what kind Sisters do to Brothers pay;

*Alcippus* I can love no other way.

— Sir, lay the interest of a Father by,  
And give me leave this *Lover* to deny.

*Org.* *Erminia*, thou art young and canst not see  
Th' advantage of the fortune offer'd thee;

*Er.* Alas, Sir, there is something yet behind.

*Org.* What is't *Erminia*, freely speak thy mind.

*Er.* Ah Sir, I dare not, you inrag'd will grow.

*Org.* *Erminia*, you have seldom found me so  
If no mean passion have thy soul possess,

Be what it will I can forgive the rest.

*Er.* No Sir, it is no crime, or if it be,  
Let Prince *Phillander* make the peace for me;

He

He 'twas that taught the *King*, (if love be such.)

*Or. Erminia*, peace, he taught you then too much.

*Er.* Nay Sir, you promis'd me you would not blame  
My early Love, if 'twere a noble flame.

*Or.* Then this a more unhappy could not be,  
Destroy it, or expect to hear of me. *[Offers to go out.]*

*Er.* Alas, I know 'twould anger you when known. *[She stays him]*

*Org.* *Erminia*, you are wondrous daring grown,  
Where got you courage to admit his love,  
Before the King or I did it approve?

*Er.* I borrow'd Courage from my Innocence,  
And my own virtue, Sir, was my defence.

*Phyllander* never spoke but from a soul,  
That all dishonest passions can controul;  
With flames as chaste as Vestals that did burn,  
From whence I borrow'd mine, to make return.

*Org.* Your love from folly, not from virtue, grew,  
You never could believe, he'd marry you.

*Er.* Upon my life no other thing he spoke,  
But those from dictates of his Honour took.

*Org.* Though by his fondness led he were content  
To marry thee, the King would ne'er consent.  
Cease then this fruitless passion and incline  
Your will and reason to agree with mine.

*Alcippus* I dispos'd you to before,  
And now I am inclin'd to it much more.

Some days I had design'd t' ve given thee  
To have prepar'd for this solemnity;  
But now my second thoughts believe it fit,  
You should this night to my desires submit.

*Er.* This night? Ah Sir, what is't you mean to do?

*Org.* Preserve my credit, and thy Honour too.

*Er.* By such resolves you me to ruine bring.

*Org.* That's better then to disoblige my King.

*Er.* But if the King his liking do afford,

Would you not with *Alcippus* break your word;

Or would you not to serve your Princes life,

Permit your daughter to become his wife?

*Org.*



*Org.* His Wife *Erminia*, if I did believe  
Thou couldst to such a thought a credit give,  
I would the interest of a father quit,  
And you, *Erminia*, have no need of it:  
Without his Aid you can a Husband chuse,  
Gaining the Prince you may a Father lose.

*Er.* Ah Sir, these words are Punierds to my heart:  
And half my love to duty does convert;  
Alas Sir, I can be content to die,  
But cannot suffer this severity:  
That care you had, dear Sir, continue still,  
I cannot live and disobey your will.

[kneels.

[rises.

*Org.* This duty has regain'd me, and you'll find  
A just return: I shall be always kind;  
—Go—reassume your Beauty: dry your eyes;  
Remember 'tis a father does advise.

[goes out.

*Er.* Ungrateful duty: whose uncivil pride,  
By Reason is not to be satisfyde;  
Who even Loves Almighty Power overthrowes,  
Or doth on it too rigorous Laws impose;  
Who bindest up our vertue too too freight,  
And on our Honour lays too great a weight.  
Coward, whom nothing but thy power makes strong:  
Whom Age and Malice bred t'affright the young;  
Here thou dost tyrannize to that degree,  
That nothing but my death will set me free.

## SCEN. IV.

*Enter Phillander and Alcander.*

*Phi.* Urge it no more, your Reasons do displease me:  
I offer'd her a Crown, with her *Phillander*:  
And she was once pleas'd to accept of it.  
She lov'd me too, yes, and repaid my flame,  
As kindly as I sacrific'd to her:  
The first Salute we gave were harmless love,  
Our souls then met, and to grow up together,

Like



Like sympathizing Twins.  
And must she now be ravish'd from my Arms;  
Will you *Erminia* suffer such a Rape.  
What tho' the King have said it shall be so,  
'Tis not his pleasure can become thy Law,  
No, nor it shall not.

And though he were my God as well as King,  
I would instruct thee how to disobey him;  
Thou shalt, *Erminia*, bravely say, I will not;  
He cannot force thee to't against thy will:  
— Oh Gods, shall duty to a King and Father,  
Make thee commit a Murder on thy self?  
Thy sacred self; and me that do adore thee;  
No, my *Erminia*, quit this vain devoyre;  
And follow Love that may preserve us all:  
— Presumptuous Villain, bold ingratitude —  
Hadst thou no other way to pay my favours;  
By Heaven 'twas bravely bold, was't not *Alcander*.

*Alcan.* It was somewhat strange, Sir,  
But yet perhaps he knew not that you lov'd her.

*Phi.* Not know it: yes as well as thou and I:  
The World was full on't, and could he be ignorant:  
Why was her father call'd from banishment,  
And plac'd about the King, but for her sake:  
What made him General, but my passion for her.  
What gave him twenty thousand Crowns a year,  
But that which made me Captive to *Erminia*.  
Almighty Love, of which thou sayst he is ignorant:  
How has he order'd his audacious flame,  
That I could ne're perceive it all this while.

*Alcan.* Then 'twas a flame conceal'd from you alone,  
To the whole Court besides 'twas visible.  
He knew you would not suffer it to burn out:  
And therefore waited till his services  
Might give encouragement to's close design;  
If that could do't he nobly has endeavor'd it,  
But yet I think you need not yield her, Sir.

*Phi. Alcippus*, I confess, is brave enough,

And by such ways I'll make him quit his claim;  
 — He shall to-morrow to the Camp again,  
 — And then I'll own my passion to the King;  
 — He loves me well, and I may hope his pity,  
 Till then be calm my heart, for if that fail, [*points to his sword*]  
 This is the argument that will prevail. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

The REPRESENTATION of the WEDDING.

*The Curtain must be let down, and soft Musick must play at the Curtain being drawn up, discovers a Scene of a Temple: The King sitting on a Throne, bowing down to join the Hands of Alcippus and Erminia, who kneel on the steps of the Throne; the Officers of the Court and the Clergy standing in order by, with Orgulous. This wit hin the Scene.*

*Without on the Stage, Phillander with his sword half-drawn, held by Gallatea, who looks ever on Alcippus: Erminia still fixing her eyes on Phillander; Pisaro passionately gazing on Gallatea: Aminth on Pallatio, and he on her; Alcander, Isillia, Cleontius, in other several postures, with the rest; all remaining without motion, whilst the Musick softly plays; this continues a while till the Curtain falls; and then the Musick plays aloud till the Act begins.*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Phillander and Gallatea inrag'd.*

'Tis done, 'tis done, the fatal Knot is tied,  
*Erminia to Alcippus is a Bride;*  
 Methinks I see the motions of her eyes,  
 And how her Virgin-breasts do fall and rise:  
 Her bashful blush, her timorous desire,  
 Adding new flame to his too vigorous fire;  
 Whilst he the charming Beauty must embrace,  
 And shall I live to suffer this disgrace

Shall

Shall I stand tamely by, and he receive  
That Heaven of bliss, defenceless she can give ;  
No Sister, no, renounce that Brothers name,  
Suffers his patience to surmount his flame ;  
Ile reach the *Victor's* heart, and make him see,  
That Prize he has obtain'd belongs to me.

*Gal.* Ah dear *Phillander*, do not threaten so,  
Whilst him you wound, you kill a Sister too.

*Phi.* Though all the Gods were rally'd on his side,  
They should too feeble prove to guard his pride.  
Justice and Honour on my Sword shall sit,  
And my revenge shall guide the lucky hit.

*Gal.* Consider but the danger, and the crime,  
And Sir remember that his life is mine.

*Phi.* Peace Sister, do not urge it as a sin,  
Of which the Gods themselves have guilty been :  
The Gods my Sister do approve revenge  
By Thunder, which 'ith' almighty Ports uninge,  
Such is their lightning when poor mortals fear,  
And Princes are the Gods inhabit here ;  
Revenge has charms that do as powerful prove  
As those of Beauty, and as sweet as love,  
The force of vengeance will not be withstood  
Till it has bath'd and cool'd it self in blood.

*Erminia*, sweet *Erminia* ; thou art lost  
And he yet lives that does the conquest boast.

*Gal.* Brother that Captive you can ne're retrieve  
More by the *Victors* death than if he live,  
For she in Honour cannot him prefer,  
Who shall become her Husbands Murtherer ;  
By safer ways you may that blessing gain  
When venturing thus through blood, and death prove vain.

*Phi.* With hopes already that are vain as air,  
You've kept me from revenge, but not despair.  
I had my self acquitted as became  
*Erminias* wrong'd adorer, and my flame,  
My Rival I had kill'd, and set her free,  
Had not my Justice been disarm'd by thee.

— But for thy faithless hopes I'de murder'd him,  
 Even when the holy Priest was marrying them,  
 And offer'd up the reeking sacrifice  
 To th' Gods he kneel'd to, when he took my prize,  
 By all their Purity I would have don't,  
 But now I think I merit the affront:  
 He that his vengeance idly does defer,  
 His Safety more then his Success must fear:  
 I like that Coward did prolong my fate,  
 But brave revenge can never come too late.

*Gall.* Brother, if you can so inhumane prove  
 To me your Sister, reason, and to love:  
 I'll let you see that I have sentiments too,  
 Can love and be reveng'd as well as you,  
 That houre that shall a death to him impart,  
 Shall send this dagger to *Erminia's* heart. *[Shows a Dagger.]*

*Phi.* — Ah Coward, how these words have made thee pale,  
 And fear above thy courage does prevail:  
 Ye Gods, why did you such a way invent.

*Gall.* None else was left thy madness to prevent.

*Phi.* Ah cruel Sister, I am tame become,  
 And will reverse my happy Rivals doom:  
 Yes, he shall live, to triumph o're my Tomb:  
 — But yet what thou hast said I need must blame,  
 For if, should my resolutions prove the same,  
 I now should kill thee, and my life renew,  
 But were it brave or just to murder you:  
 At worst I should an unkind Sister kill,  
 Thou wouldst the sacred blood of friendship spill.  
 I kill a man that has undone my Fame,  
 Ravish'd my Mystress, and contemn'd my Name  
 And Sister, one who does not thee prefer:  
 But thou no reason hast to injure her.  
 Such charmes of Innocence her eyes do dress,  
 As would confound the cruellst Murtherefs:  
 And thou art soft, and canst no horror see,  
 Such Actions, Sister, you must leave to me.

*Gall.* The highest love no reason will admit,

And



And passion is above my friendship yet.

*Phi.* Then since I cannot hope to alter thee,  
Let me but beg that thou wouldst set me free;  
Free this poor soul that such a coil does keep;  
'Twill neither let me wake in peace, nor sleep.  
Comfort I find, a stranger to my heart,  
Nor canst thou ought of that but thus impart;  
Thou shouldst with joy a death to him procure,  
Who by it leaves *Alcippus* life secure.

*Gall.* Dear brother, you out-run your patience still,  
We'll neither die our selves, nor others kill;  
Something I'll do that shall thy joys restore,  
And bring thee back that health thou hadst before;  
—We're now expected at the Banquet, where  
I'de have thy eyes more Love than anger wear:  
This night be cheerful, and on me depend,  
On me, that am thy Sister and thy friend:  
A little raise *Alcippus* jealousy,  
And let the rest be carried on by me;  
Nor would it be amiss, should you provide  
A Serenade to entertain the Bride:  
'Twill give him fears that may perhaps disprove  
The fond opinion of his happy love.

*Phi.* Though Hope be faithless, yet I cannot chuse,  
Coming from thee, but credit the abuse.

*Gall.* *Phyllander*, do not you Hopes power distrust,  
'Tis time enough to die, when that's, unjust.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Aminta as passing over the Stage, is slayed by Olinda.*

*Oli.* Why so hasty, *Aminta*.

*Am.* The time requires it, *Olinda*.

*Oli.* But I've an humble suit to you.

*Am.* You shall command me anything.

*Oli.* Pray Heaven you keep your word:

*Am.* That sad tone of thine *Olinda* has almost

Made

Made me repent of my promise, but come, wist;

*Oli.* My Brother, Madam.

*Am.* Now fye upon thee, is that all thy business? [*offers to go*]

*Oli.* Stay Madam, he dies for you.

*Am.* He cannot do't for any woman living:

But well—it seems he speaks of love to you;

To me he does appear a very Statue.

*Oli.* He naught but sighs and calls upon your Name,  
And vows you are the cruell'st Maid that breaths.

*Am.* Thou canst not be in earnest sure.

*Oli.* I'll swear I am, and so is he.

*Am.* Nay then thou hast a hard task on't; to make  
Vows to all the Women he makes love to;  
Indeed I pity thee; ha, ha, ha.

*Ol.* You should not laugh at those you have undone.

*Am.* *Aminta sings.*

*Hang love, for I will never pine,*

*For any Man alive;*

*Nor shall this jolly heart of mine,*

*The thoughts of it receive;*

*I will not purchase slavery*

*At such a dangerous rate.*

*But glory at my liberty,*

*And laugh at love and fate.*

*Oli.* You'll kill him by this cruelty.

*Am.* What is't thou call'st so,

For I have hitherto given no denials.

Nor has he given me cause;

I've seen him wildely gaze upon me often,

And sometimes blush and smile, but seldom that;

And now and then found fault with my replies;

And wonder'd where the devil lay that wit;

Which he belev'd no Judge of it could find.

*Oli.* Faith Madam, that's his way of making love.

*Am.* It will not take with me, I love a man,

Can kneel, and swear, and cry, and look submiss,

As if he meant indeed to die my slave:

Thy

Thy Brother looks—but too much like a Conqueror. [*sighs.*]

*Oli.* How *Aminta*, can you sigh in earnest.

*Am.* Yes *Olinda*, and you shall know its meaning,  
I love *Alexander*—and am not ashamed o'th' secret,  
But prithee do not tell him what I say.

— Oh he's a man made up of those perfections,  
Which I have often lik'd in several men;

And with't united to compleat some one,

Whom I might have the glory to o'recome

— His Mean and Person, but 'bove all his Humour,

That surly Pride, though even to me address,  
Do strangely well becom him.

*Oli.* May I believe this?

*Am.* Not if you mean to speak on't;  
But I shall soon enough betray my self.

*Enter Falatius*

[*with a patch or two  
on his face.*]

*Falatius*, Welcom from the Wars

I'me glad to see y've escap'd the dangers of them.

*Fa.* Not so well escap'd neither, Madam, but I

Have left still a few testimonies of their

Severity to me.

[*points to his face.*]

*Oli.* That's not so well, beleeve me.

*Fa.* Nor so ill, since they be such as render us no

Less acceptable to your fair eyes, Madam;

But had you seen me when I gain'd them, Ladies,

In that Heroick posture.

*Am.* What posture?

*Fa.* In that of fighting, Madam.

You would have call'd to mind that ancient story

Of the stout Giants that wag'd War with Heaven;

Just so I fought, and for as glorious prize,

Your excellent Ladiship.

*Am.* For me, was it for me you ran this hazard then?

*Fa.* Madam, I hope you do not question that,

Was it not all the faults you found with me,

The reputation of my want of Courage,

A thousand Furies are not like a Battel,

And but for you,

By

By *force* I would not fight it o're again,  
 For all the glory on't, and now do you doubt me?  
 Madam your heart is strangely fortified  
 That can resist the effects I've made against it,  
 And bring to boot such marks of valour too.

*Enter to them Alcander, who seeing them  
 would turn back, but Olinda stays  
 him.*

*Ol.* Brother, come back.

*Fa.* Advance, advance, what Man, afraid of me?

*Alc.* How, can she hold discourse with that Fantastick [*aside.*

*Fa.* Come forward and be complaisant. [*pulls him again.*

*Alc.* That's most proper for your wit *Falastus.*

*Fa.* Why so angry?

*Alc.* Away, thou art deceav'd.

*Am.* You've lost your sleep, which puts you out of humour.

*Alc.* He's damn'd will lose a moment on't for you.

*Am.* Who is't that has displeas'd you?

*Alc.* You have, and took my whole repose away,  
 And more then that, which you can ne're restore;  
 I can do nothing as I did before.

When I would sleep, I cannot do't for you,

My Eyes and Fancy do that form pursue,

And when I sleep, you Revel in my dreams,

And all my life is nothing but extreams.

When I would tell my love, I seem most rude,

For that informs me how I am subdu'd.

Gods you'r unjust to tyrannize o're me,

When thousands fitter for't then I go free.

*Fal.* Why what the Devil has possess't *Alcander.* [*goes out*

*Ol.* How like you this *Aminta?*

*Am.* Better and better; he's a wondrous man. [*Am. and Ol.*

*Fa.* 'Tis the most unjanty humour that ever I saw; [*goes out*

I, I, he is my Rivall,

No marvell an' he look't so big upon me,

He is damnable valiant, and as Jealous as

He is Valiant, how I shall behave my

Self to him, and these too idle humours of his



I cannot yet determine ; the comfort is, he  
 Knows I am a Coward what ever face I set upon it,  
 Well, I must either resolve never to provoke  
 His jealousy, or be able to re'ncounter his  
 Other fury, his valour ; that were a good  
 Resolve if I be not past all hope. [Exit]

# ACT. II. SCENE. III.

*Enter Alcippus and Erminia, as in a Bed-Chamber.*

*Alcip.* But still methinks *Erminia* you are sad  
 A heavyness appears in those faire eyes,  
 As if your soul were agitating something  
 Contrary to the pleasure of this night.

*Er.* You ought in Justice Sir excuse me here,  
 Prisoners when first committed are less gay,  
 Then when they're us'd to Fetters every day,  
 But yet in mine they will more easie grow.

*Alcip.* You strangely bless me in but saying so.

*Er. Alcippus* I've an humble suit to you.

*Alcip.* All that I have is so entirely thine,  
 And such a Captive thou hast made my will  
 Thou need'st not be at the expence of wishing  
 For what thou canst desire that I may grant,  
 Why are thy eyes declin'd ?

*Er.* To satisfy a little modest scruple  
 I beg you would permit me, Sir —

*Alcip.* To lye alone to night, is it not so ?

*Er.* It is —

*Alcip.* That's too severe, yet I will grant it thee,  
 But why *Erminia* must I grant it thee ?

*Er.* The Princess Sir questions my power and says,  
 I cannot gain so much upon your goodness.

*Alcip.* I could have wish'd some other had oblig'd thee  
 to't.

*Er.* You would not blame her if you knew her reason.

*Alcip.* Indeed I do not much, for I can guess

She takes the party of her Prince and Brother;  
 And this is only to delay those joys,  
 Which she perhaps believes belong to him.  
 — But that *Erminia*, you can best resolve;  
 And 'tis not kindly done to hide a truth,  
 The Prince so clearly own'd.

*Er.* What did he own?

*Alcip.* He said, *Erminia*, that you were his wife;  
 If so, no wonder you refuse my bed;  
 The Presence of the King hindred my knowledge;  
 Of what I willingly would learn from you;  
 — Come ne're deny a truth that plain appears,  
 I see hypocrisie through all your tears.

*Erm.* You need not ask me to repeat again,  
 A knowledge which, you say, appears so plain:  
 The Prince his word methinks should credit get,  
 Which I'll confirm whene're you call for it:  
 My heart before you ask't it, was his prize,  
 And cannot twice become a sacrifice.

*Alcip.* *Erminia*, is this brave or just in you,  
 To pay his score of love with what's my due:  
 What's your design to treat me in this sort,  
 Are sacred Vows of Marriage made your sport?  
 Regard me well, *Erminia*, what am I?

*Er.* Me Sir, with whom I am bound to live and die,  
 And one to whom by rigorous command,  
 I gave (without my heart) my unwilling hand.

*Alcip.* But why, *Erminia*, did you give it so?

*Er.* To obey a King and cruel father too.  
 A friendship, Sir, I can on you bestow,  
 But that will hardly into passion grow;  
 And 'twill an Act below your vertue prove,  
 To force an heart you know can never love.

*Alcip.* Am I the mark to hide your blushes in,  
 I the contented fool to veil your sin,  
 Have you already learnt that trick at Court,  
 Both how to practice and secure your sport,  
 Brave Mystris of your Art, is this the way

My

My service and my passion to repay :  
 Will nothing but a Prince your pleasure fit,  
 And could you think that I would wink at it?  
 Recal that folly, or by all that's good,  
 I'll free the soul that wantons in thy blood. [*He in rage takes*

*Er.* I see your love, your Reason has betray'd, *her by the*  
 But I'll forgive the faults which love has made ; *arm, shows*  
 'Tis true, I love, and do confess it too : *a Dagger.*

Which if a crime, I might have hid from you ;  
 But such a passion 'tis, as does despise,  
 Whatever rage you threaten from your eyes.

— Yes — you may disapprove this flame in me,  
 But cannot hinder what the Gods decree ;

— Search here this truth ; Alas, I cannot fear,  
 Your steel shall find a welcom entrance here. [*He holds her*  
*still, and gazes on her.*

*Alcip.* Where dost thou think thy ingrateful soul will go,  
 Loaded with wrongs to me, should I strike now.

*Er.* To some blest place, where Lovers do reside,  
 Free from the noise of jealousy and pride,  
 Where we shall know no other power but love,  
 And where even thou wilt soft and gentle prove ;  
 So gentle, that if I should meet thee there,  
 I should allow what I deny thee here.

*Alcip.* Thou — hast disarm'd my rage, and in its room,  
 A world of shame and softer passions come,  
 Such as the first efforts of love inspir'd,  
 When by thy charming eyes my soul was fir'd.

*Er.* I must confess your fears are seeming just,  
 But here to free you from the least mistrust,  
 I swear, whilst I'me your wife I'll not allow  
 Birth to a thought that tends to injuring you.

*Alcip.* Not to believe thee, were a sin above  
 Th' injuries I have done thee by my love.

— Ah, my *Erminia*, might I hope at least  
 To share the pity of that lovely breast,  
 By slow degrees, I might approach that Throne,  
 Where now the blest *Phillander* reigns alone :

Perhaps in time my passion might redeem,  
That now too faithful heart y have given to him;  
Do but forbear to hear his Amorous tales,  
Nor from his moving eyes learn what he ails:  
A fire that's kindled cannot long survive,  
If one add naught to keep the flame alive.

*Er.* I will not promise; what I mean to do,  
My Vertue only shall oblige me to.

*Alcip.* But Madam, what d' you mean by this reserve,  
To what intent does all this coldness serve;  
Is there no pity to my sufferings due,  
And will you still my languishments renew?  
Come, come, recal what you have rashly said,  
And own tomorrow that thou art no maid:  
Thy blushes do betray thy willingness,  
And in thy lovely eyes I read success.

*Er.* A double tie obliges me to be  
Strict to my Vows, my Love and Amity:  
For my own sake the first Ple ne're decline,  
And I would gladly keep the last for thine.

*Alcip.* Madam, you strangely do improve my pain,  
To give me Hopes you must recal again.

*Er. Alcippus,* you this language will forbear,  
When you shall know how powerful you are;  
For whilst you here endeavor to subdue,  
The best of women languishes for you.

*Alcip. Erminia,* do not mock my miserie,  
For, though you cannot love, yet pity me;  
That you allow my passion no return,  
Is weight enough, you need not add your scorn,  
In this your cruelty is too severe.

*Er. Alcippus,* you mistake me every where.

*Alcip.* To whom, *Erminia,* do I owe this fate.

*Er.* Tomorrow all her story Ple relate,  
Till then the promise I the Princess made,  
I beg you would permit might be obey'd.

*Alcip.* You mad: with so many charmes assail,  
You need not question but you shall prevail;

Thy



Thy power's not lessen'd in thy being mine,  
 But much augmented in my being thine,  
 The glory of my chains may raise me more;  
 But I am still that slave I was before.

# ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Enter Phillander and Alcander.* *[The Prince half undrest,*

*Phi.* What's a Clock, *Alcander.*

*Alc.* 'Tis midnight, Sir, will you not go to bed.

*Phi.* To bed, friend; what to do?

*Alc.* To sleep, Sir, as you were wont to do.

*Phi.* Sleep, and *Erminia* have abandon'd me,  
 I'll never sleep again. —

*Alc.* This is an honour, Sir, you must forsake.

*Phi.* Never, never, oh *Alcander.*

Dost know where my *Erminia* lies to night.

*Alc.* I guess, Sir.

*Phi.* Where, nay prithee speak,

Indeed I shall not be offended at it.

*Alc.* I know not why you should, Sir.

She's where she ought, abed with young *Alcippus.*

*Phi.* Thou speak'st thy real thoughts.

*Alc.* Why should your Highness doubt it?

*Phi.* By Heaven there is no faith in Woman-kind,  
*Alcander*, dost thou know an honest woman?

*Alc.* Many Sir.

*Phi.* I do not think it; 'tis impossible;  
*Erminia*, if it could have been, were she,

But she has broke her Vows which I held sacred,

And plays the Wanton in anothers Armes.

*Alc.* Sir, Do you think it just to wrong her so.

*Phi.* Oh would thou couldst perswade me that I did so;

Thou know'st the Oaths and Vows she made to me,

Never to marry other then my self;

And you *Alcander* wrought me to believe them.

But now her Vows to marry none but me,

Are given to *Alcippus*, and in his bosom breath'd,

With

With balmei whispers whilst the ravine youth;  
 For every syllable returns a kiss,  
 And in the height of all this rapture,  
*Philander's* dispos'd and quite forgotten.

Ah charming maid is this your love to me,  
 Yet now thou art no maid, nor lov'st nor me,  
 And like fool to let thee know my weakness.

*Alc.* Why do you thus proceed to vex your self,  
 To question what you list, and answer what you please,  
 Sir, this is not the way to be at ease.

*Phi.* Ah dear *Alcander* what wouldst thou have me do?

*Alc.* Do that which may preserve you  
 Do that which every man in love would do,  
 Make it your business to possess the object.

*Phi.* What meanest thou, is she not married—

*Alcan.* What then, she's all about her, that she had,  
 Of youth and Beauty she is mistress still,  
 And may dispose it how, and where she will.

*Phi.* Pray Heaven I do not think too well of thee,  
 What means all this discourse, art thou honest?

*Alcan.* As most men of my age.

*Phi.* And wouldst thou counsell me to such a sin?  
 For— I do understand — thee,

*Alcan.* I know not what you term so.

*Phi.* I never thought thou'dst been so great a villaine  
 To urge me to a crime would damn us all,  
 Why dost thou smile, hast thou done well in this?

*Alcan.* I thought so, or I'd kept it to my self.  
 Sir ere you grow in rage at what I've said,  
 Do you think I love you, or believe my life  
 Were to be valued more then your repose?  
 You seem to think it is not.

*Phi.* Possibly I may.

*Alc.* The sin of what I have propos'd to you  
 You only seem to hate; Sir is it so?  
 —If such religious thoughts about you dwell,  
 Why is it that you thus perplex your self?  
 Self-murder sure, is much the greater sin.

*Erminia* too, you say has broke her vows,  
 She that will swear and live, will do the rest;  
 And of these evils, this I think the least;  
 And as for me I never thought it sin.

*Phi.* And canst thou have so poor a thought of her.

*Alc.* I hope you'll find her Sir as willing to't  
 As I am to suppose it, nay believe't,  
 Shee'll look upon't as want of love and courage  
 Should you not now attempt it;

You know Sir there's no other remedy,  
 Take no denial but the Game pursue,  
 For what she will refuse, she wishes you.

*Phi.* With such pretensions — she may angry grow.

*Alc.* I never heard of any that were so,  
 For though the will to do't, and power they want,  
 They love to hear, of what they cannot grant.

*Phi.* No more,

Is this your duty to your Prince *Alexander*?  
 You were not wont to counsell thus amils,  
 'Tis either disrespect or some design,  
 I could be wondrous angry with thee now,  
 But that my grief has such possession here,  
 'Twill make no room for rage.

*Alc.* I cannot Sir repent of what I've said,  
 Since all the errors which I have committed,  
 Are what my passion to your interest led me to,  
 But yet I beg your Highness would recall  
 That sence which would perswade you 'tis unjust.

*Phi.* Name it no more, and I'll forgive it thee.

*Alc.* I can obey you Sir.

*Phi.* What shall we do to night, I cannot sleep.

*Alc.* I'm good at watching, and doing any thing.

*Phi.* We'll Serenade the Ladies and the Bride.

— The first we may disturb, but she I fear  
 Keeps watch with me to night, though not like me.

*Enter a Page of the Princess.*

*Phil.* How now Boy,

Is the Musick ready which I spoke for?

*Pag.* They wait your Highness's command.

*Pbi.* Bid them prepare, I'm coming! *[Enter Page.]*  
Soft touches may allay the discords here  
And sweeten, though not lessen my despair.

*SCENE IV. The Court Gallery.*

*Enter Pisaro alone.*

*Pis.* Ha! who's that, a Lover on my Life,  
This amorous malady reigns every where,  
Nor can my Sister be an ignorant  
Of what I saw this night in *Gallatea*:

I'll question her---Sister, *Amint* a, Sister, *[Calls as at her Lodgings]*

*Lyc.* Who calls my Lady?

*Pis.* Where's my Sister?

*Lyc.* I cry your Lordships mercy,

My Lady lyes not in her Lodgings to night,

The Prince's sent for her.

Her Highness is not well. *[She goes in.]*

*Pis.* I do believe it, good night *Lyc.* *[Enter a Page.]*

—Who's there,

*Pag.* Your Lordships Page.

*Pis.* Where hast thou been? I wanted thee but now.

*Pag.* I fell asleep in the Lobby Sir, and had not wakened.

Yet, but for the Musick which plays at the Lodgings

Of my Lady *Erminia*,

*Pis.* Curse on them; will they not allow him nights

To himself, 'tis hard.

*Pis.* This night I'me wiser grown by observation,

My love and friendship taught me jealousy,

Which like a cunning Spy brought in intelligence,

From every eye less wary then its own,

That told me that the charming *Gallatea*,

In whom all power remains,

Is yet too feeble to encounter love,

I find she receiv'd the wanton God,

Maugre my fond opinion of her soul,

And



And 'tis my friend too that's become my Rivall:  
 I saw her lovely eyes still turn on him,  
 As Flowers to th' Sun: and when he turn'd away  
 Like those, she bow'd her charming head again.  
 — On th' other side the Prince with dying looks  
 Each motion watch'd of fair *Erminias* eyes,  
 Which she return'd as greedily again,  
 And if one glance *Alcippus* she directed,  
 He'd stare as if he meant to cut his throat for't.  
 Well friend thou hast a sure defence of me  
 My Love is yet below my amity.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCENE. VI.

*Draws off, discovers Phillander and Alcander with Musick at the Chamber door of Erminia, to them Pifarò who listens whilst the Song is sung.*

The Song for the Page to sing at *Erminias* chamber door.

*Amintas that true hearted Swain*  
*Upon a River's bank was laid,*  
*Where to the pitying streams he did complain*  
*On Sylvia that false charming maid,*  
*But she was still regardless of his pain:*  
*Obl faithless Silvia! would he cry*  
*And what he said the Echo's would reply.*  
 Be kind, or else I dye, E. I dye.  
 Be kind or else I dye, E. I dye.

*A shower of tears his eyes let fall,*  
*Which in the River made impress,*  
*Then sigh, and Sylvia false again would call,*  
*A cruell faithless Shepherdess,*  
*Is love with you became a criminal.*  
*Ah lay aside this needless scorn,*  
*Allow your poor adorer some return,*  
 Consider how I burn, E. I burn.  
 Consider, &c.

F

Those

Those smiles and kisses which you give,  
 Remember Silvia, are my due,  
 And all the joys my Rival does receive  
 He ravishes from me not you.  
 Ah Silvia, can I live and this believe?  
 Incensibles are touch'd to see  
 My languishments, and seem to pity me.  
 Which I demand of thee, E. of thee,  
 Which I demand, &c.

*Pis.* What's all this?

*Phi.* Who's there?

*Pis.* A man, a friend to the General.

*Phi.* Then thou'rt an enemy to all good men.

Does the ungrateful Wretch hide his own head,  
 And send his Spies abroad?

*Pis.* He is too great to fear, and needs them not;  
 And him thou termest so scorns the office too.

*Phi.* What makest thou here then when the whole World's  
 Be gone, there lies thy way (asleep?  
 Where e're thy business be.

*Pis.* It lies as free for thee, and here's my business.

*Phi.* Thou liest, Rude man.

*Pis.* Why, what art thou dardest tell me so i'th' dark?  
 Day had betrayed thy blushes for this boldness.

*Phi.* Tell me who 'tis that dares capitulate?

*Pis.* One that dares make it good.

*Phi.* Draw then; and keep thy word.

*Alcan.* Stand by, and let me do that duty, Sir. [*He steps  
 between them, they fight, Pisaro falls.*]

—Here's thy reward who e're thou art.

*Phi.* Hast thou no hurt?

*Alcan.* I think not much, yet somewhere 'tis I bleed.

*Pis.* What a dull beast am I! [*Exeunt Prince and Alcan.*]

*Page.* My Lord, is't you are fallen? [*Enter Page.*]

Help, Murther, Murther.

*Pis.* Hold, Belling Dog.

*Enters*

*Enter Alcippus in his Night-gown with a Sword in his hand, a Page with Lights.*

*Alcip.* 'Twas hereabouts—who's this, *Pisaro* wounded! [*He*  
How camest thou thus? Come up-up into my arms. *looks up.*

*Pis.* 'Twas Jealousie, *Alcippus*, that wilde Monstre,  
Who never leaves us till it has thus betrayed us.

—Pox on't, I am sham'd to look upon thee.

I have disturb'd you to no purpose, Sir.

I am not wounded, go to bed agen.

*Alci.* I'll see thee to thy Lodgings first, *Pisaro.*

*Pis.* 'Twill be unkind both to your self and me. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE. VII.

*Enter Phillander and Alcander with Lights.*

*Alcan.* He's gone whot're he be.

*Phi.* It could not be *Alcippus*.

*Alcan.* I rather fear *Pisaro*,

—but we soon enough shall know: Who's this?

*Enter Erminia in her Night-gown, and Ifillia with Lights.*

*Er.* Methought I heard *Alcippus* and the Prince  
Before the cry of Murder.

I die if those two Rivals have encounter'd.

*Phi.* Ah Madam, cease that fear, they both are safe  
From all but from the wounds which you have given them.

*Er.* Oh Gods, what make you here, and where's *Alcippus*?

*Phi.* Where I had been had Heaven been bountiful.

*Er.* Alas Sir, what d'you mean? what have you done  
And where have you bestow'd him?

*Phi.* Why all this high concern, *Erminia*?  
Has he so reconcil'd you to him since I saw you last?  
This is not kind to me.

*Er.* Oh tell not me of kindness, where's *Alcippus*?

*Alcan.* Madam, of whom do you demand *Alcippus*?  
Neither of us have seen him.

*Phi.* Go, Y<sup>e</sup> are a woman, a vain peevish creature.

*Er.* Sir, 'tis but just you should excuse my fear,  
*Alcippus* is my husband, and his safetie  
Ought to become my care.

*Phi.* How *Erminia*!

Can you so soon yield up my right to him,  
And not blush, whilst you own your Perjurie?

*Er.* Now Sir, y<sup>e</sup> are much too blame,  
I could have borne the rest, but this concerns me,  
I fear I have but too well kept my Vows with you,  
Since you are grown but to suspect I have not.

*Phi.* Pardon me, Dear, the errors of my passion;  
It was a sin so natural,

That even thy unkindly taking it,  
Approch'd too near it; not to gain my Pardon;  
But tell me why you ask't me for *Alcippus*?

*Er.* Sir, e're I could dispose my eyes to sleep,  
I heard the Musick at my Chamber-door,  
And such a Song as could be none but yours;  
But that was finish'd in a noise less pleasant,  
In that of Swords and quarrel;  
And amongst which,  
I thought I heard yours and *Alcippus* voice.  
(For I have kept my word, and lay not with him,)  
This brought me hither, but if I mistook,  
Once more I beg your Pardon.

*Phi.* Thou hast restor'd me to a world of joys,  
By what thou now hast said.

*Enter Alcippus, his Sword in his hand, a  
Bag with light, he stands awhile.*

*Alcip.* *Erminia*! and the Prince! embracing too!  
I dream, and know she could not be thus base,  
Thus false and loose—

But hear, I am inform'd it is no Vision;

—This was design'd before, I find it now; [Lays his  
hand on his heart.

*Er.*



*Er.* Alcippus, oh my fears.

*[goes to them, takes her by the hand.]*

*Alcip.* Yes, Madam:

Too soon arriv'd for his and your repose.

*Phi.* Alcippus, touch her not.

*Alcip.* Not touch her, by Heaven I will,  
And who shall hinder me?

Who is't dares say I shall not touch my wife?

*Phi.* Villain thou list.

*Alcip.* That yare my Prince shall not defend you here,  
Draw Sir, for I have laid respect aside.

*Strikes, they fight a little, Alcippus is wounded, Alcander supports him.*

*Er.* Oh Gods what mean you, hold *Phillander*, hold.

*Phi.* Life of my soul, retire,

I cannot hear that voice and disobey,  
And you must needs esteem him at low rates,  
Who sells thee and his Honour for a tear.

*Er.* Upon my knees I beg to be obey'd,

*[She kneels.]*

— But if I must not, here discharge your anger.

*Phi.* You are too great a Tyrant where you may.

*[Exeunt Erminia & Alcippus.]*

*Phi.* Stay! shall I let her go? shall her Commands,

Though they have power to take my life away,

Have force to suffer me to injure her?

Shall she be made a prey, and I permit it?

Who only have the interest to forbid it?

— No, let me be accurst then:

*[Offers to follow.]*

*Alc.* What mean you, Sir?

*Phi.* Force the bold Ravisher to resign my right,

*Alcander*, Is not she my wife, and I his Prince?

*Alc.* 'Tis true, Sir,

And you have both power and justice on your side;

And there be times to exercise 'em both.

*Phi.* Fitter then this, *Alcander*?

*Alc.* This night *Erminia's* promise may repose you.

Tomorrow is your own —

Till then I beg y'de think your interest safe.

*Phi.* *Alcander*, thou hast peace about thee, and canst judge  
Better

Better then I, 'twixt what is just and fit, *[puts up his sword]*  
 I hitherto believ'd my flame was guided  
 By perfect Reason, so, we often find  
 Vessels conducted by a peaceful wind,  
 And meet no opposition in their way,  
 But a safe passage through the flattering Sea;  
 But when a storm the bounding vessel throws,  
 It does each wave with equal rage oppose;  
 For when the Seas are mad, could that be calm  
 Like me, it wou'd be ruin'd in the storm. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.*

*Pis.* **T**Is much, my Lord, you'll not be satisfied,  
*Alcip.* Friendship's too near a kin to love *Pisaro*,

To leave me any peace, whilst in your eyes  
 I read Reserves, which 'tis not kind to hide;

— Come prithee tell me what the quarrel was,  
 And who 'twas with, thou shalt my dear *Pisaro*.

*Pis.* Nay, now you urge me to impossibilities;  
 Good faith, I cannot tell, but guess the Prince.

*Alcip.* 'Tis true, *Pisaro*; 'twas indeed the Prince,  
 But what was th' occasion?

*Pis.* He call'd me Spy, and I return'd th' affront,  
 But took no notice that he was my Prince;  
 It was a folly I repented of;  
 But 'twas in a damn'd melancholy Mood.

*Alcip.* Was it a going in or coming out?

*Pis.* From whence?

*Alcip.* *Erminia's* Chamber, prithee let me know,  
 For I have fears that take away my sleep,

Fears

Fears that will make me mad, stark mad, *Pisaro*.

*Pis.* You do not well to fear without a cause.

*Alcip.* Oh friend, I saw what thou canst ne're conceive;  
Last night I saw it when I came from thee:  
And if thou go'st about t'impole upon me,  
I'll cast thee from my soul; Come out with it,  
I see thy brest heave with a generous ardour,  
As if it scorn'd to harbor a reserve,  
Which stood not with its Amity to me.  
Could I but know my fate, I could despise it:  
But when 'tis clad in Robes of innocence,  
The devil cannot scape it:  
Something was done last night that gnaws my heart-strings;  
And many things the Prince's too let fall,  
Which, Gods! I know not how to put together,  
And prithee be not thou a Ridler too:  
But if thou know'st of ought that may concern me,  
Make me as wise as thou art.

*Pis.* Sir, you are of so strange a jealous Humour,  
And so strangely jealous of your Honour,  
That twixt us both we may make work enough,  
But on my soul I know no wrong you have.

*Alcip.* I must beleve thee, yet methinks thy face  
Has put on an unwonted gravity.

*Pis.* That, *Alcippas*, you'll not wonder at,  
When you shall know you are my Rival.

*Alcip.* Nay, why shouldst thou delay me thus with stories?  
This shall not put me off.

*Pis.* Sir, I'm in earnest; you have gain'd that heart,  
For which I've receiv'd so many wounds,  
Venturing for Trophies where none durst appear,  
To gain at my Return one single smile:  
Or that she would submit to hear my story:  
And when she has said, 'twas bravely done, *Pisaro*,  
I thought the glory recompenc'd the toils,  
And sacrific'd my Lawrels at her feet:  
Like those who pay their first-fruits to the Gods,  
To beg a blessing on the following crop.

And

And never made her other signs of love,  
Nor knew I that I had that easie flame,  
Till by her eyes I found that she was mortal,  
And could love too, and that my friend is you.

*Alcip.* Thou hast amaz'd me, prethee speak more clearly.

*Pis.* My Lord, the Princess has a passion for you,  
Have I not reason now to be your enemy?

*Alcip.* Not till I make returns:

But now I'm past redemption miserable.

'Twas she *Erminia* told me dy'd for me;

And I believ'd it but a slight of hers,

To put me from my Courtship.

*Pis.* No 'twas a fatall truth,

*Alcippus* hadst thou seen her, whilst the Priest  
Was giving thee to fair *Erminia*

What languishment appear'd upon her eyes?

(Which never were remov'd from thy lov'd face.)

Through which her melting soul in drops distill'd,

As if she meant to wash away thy sin,

In giving up that right belong'd to her,

Thou hadst without any aid found out this truth,

A sweet composure dwelt upon her looks

Like Infants who are smiling whilst they dye,

Nor knew she that she wept, so unconcern'd

And freely did her soul a passage find,

Whilst I transported had almost forgot

The Reverence due t'her sacred self and place,

And every moment ready was to kneel

And with my lips gather the pretious drops

And rob'd the Holy Temple of a Relique,

Fit only theret' inhabit.

*Alcip.* I never thought thou'dst had this softness in thee,

How cam'st thou friend to hide all this from me?

*Pis.* My Lord, I knew not that I was a lover;

I felt no flame, but a Religious ardour,

That did inspire my soul with adoration,

And so remote I was from ought but such

I knew not hope, nor what it was to wish



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For other blessings then to gaze upon her,  
Like Heaven I thought she was to be possess'd,  
Where carnall thoughts can no admittance find,  
And had I not perceav'd her love to you,  
I had not known the nature of my flame,  
But then I found it out by jealousie,  
And what I took for a Seraphick motion  
I now decline as criminal and earthly.

*Alcip.* When she can love to a discovery,  
Declares her passion eminent and high  
—But I am married — to a maid that hates me,  
What help for that *Pisf.*

And thou hast something too to say of her,  
What wast; for now thou hast undone me quite.

*Pisf.* I have nought to say to her dishonour, Sir,  
But something may be done may give you cause  
To stand upon your Guard;

And if your Rage do not the Mastery get,  
I cannot doubt but you'll be happy yet.

*Alcip.* Without *Erminia* that can hardly be,  
And yet I find a certain shame within  
That will not suffer me to see the Princess,  
I have a kind of war within my soul,  
My Love against my Glory and my Honour,  
And I could wish, — Alas I know not what,  
Prethee instruct me.

*Pisf.* Sir take a resolution to be calm  
And not like men in love abandon reason,  
—You may observe the actions of these lovers,  
But be not passionate what ere you find.  
That head-strong Diuel will undo us all.  
If you'll be happy quit his company.

*Alcip.* I fain would take thy counsell —  
*Pisf.* — Come clear up my Lord, and do not hang the head  
Like Flowers in storms; the Sun will shine again.  
Set Gallateas charms before your eyes,  
Think of the glory to divide a Kingdom.  
And do not waste your Noble youth and time;

Upon a peevish heart you cannot gain.  
 This day you must to th' Camp, and in your absence  
 I take upon me what I fear'd last night.  
 The office of a Spy —  
 Believe me, Sir; for by the Gods I swear,  
 I never wish't the glory of a Conquest  
 With half that zeale as to compose these differences;  
*Alcip.* I do believe thee, and will tell thee something  
 That past between the Prince and I last night.  
 And then thou wilt conclude me truly miserable. *[Exit]*

# ACT. III SCENE II

*Enter Falatius, Labree, as passing by meet Cleontius.*

*Cle.* Your Servant, my Lord.

—so coldly, stay — your reason, Sir. *[Fal. puts off his hat a*

*Fal.* How mean you, Sir?

*little, and passes on.*

*Cle.* Do you not know me?

*Fal.* Yes I have seen you, and think you are *Cleontius*.

A Servant of the Princes; went i th' Campania too.  
 If I mistake not.

*Cle.* Can you recall me by no better instances?

*Fal.* What need of any, pray?

*Cle.* I am a Gentleman.

*Fal.* Ha *Labree*, what means he now?

By *Jove* I do not question it, *Cleontius*;

What need this odd Punctilio?

I call thee to no account.

*Cle.* That's more then I can say to you, Sir.

*Fal.* He excuse you for that.

*Cle.* You shall not need; Sir: stay, I have a Sister.

*Fal.* Oh the Devil, now he begins.

*Cle.* A handsome Sister too, or you deceiv'd her.

*Labree.* Beare up, Sir, be not huff.

*Fal.* It may be so, but is the kind, *Cleontius*? *[Fal. looks up.]*

*Cle.* What mean you by that word?

*Lab.* Again Sir, here's too to one. *[Exit]*

*Fa.*

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*Fa.* Will she do reason, or so, you understand me?

*Cle.* I understand that thou'rt an impudent fellow,  
Whom I must cudgell into better manners.

*Fa.* Pox on't who bears up now *Labree*?

*Cle.* Bear till thou dost confess thou art an ass,  
And on thy knees confess it to *Isillia*,  
Who after that shall scorn thee.

*Lab.* Rally with him Sir, 'tis your only way, and put it off  
Off with a jest, for he's in fury, but dares not  
Strike it th' Court.

*Fa.* But must you needs do this, needs fight *Cleantius*?

*Cle.* Yes, by all means, I find my self inclin'd to't.

*Fa.* You shall have your desire, Sir, farewell.

*Cle.* When, and where?

*Fa.* Faith very suddenly, for I think it will not be  
Hard to find men of your trade.

Men that will fight as long as you can do,

And men that love it much better then I,

Men that are poor, and damn'd, fine desperate Rogues,

Rascalls that for a Pattacoone a man

Will fight their Fathers,

And kiss their Mothers into peace again.

Such Sir, I think will fit you.

*Cle.* Abusive Coward hast thou no sence of honour.

*Fa.* Sence of honour, ha, ha, ha, poor *Cleantius*.

*Enters Aminta and Olinda.*

*Am.* How now servant, why so joyiall?

*Fa.* I was laughing Madam — at —

*Cle.* At what thou'st thing of nothing —

*Am.* Cozen *Cleantius* you are angry.

*Cle.* Madam, it is unjustly then, for fools

Should rather move the spleen to mirth then anger.

*Am.* You've too much wit to take ought ill from him.

Lets know your quarrel.

*Fa.* By *Jove* *Labree* I am undone again.

*Cle.* Madam, it was about —

*Fa.* Hold dear *Cleontius*, hold, and I'll do any thing. *[Aside.]*

*Cle.* Just nothing.

*Fa.* He was a little too familiar with me.

*Cle.* Madam, my Sister *Isillia*.

*Fa.* A curse he will out with it.

*Cle.* Confess she is your Mistress. *[Aside, pulls him by the arm.]*

*Fa.* I call my mistress Madam.

*Am.* My Cozen *Isillia* your Mistress,  
Upon my word you are a happy man.

*Fa.* By *Jove* if she be your Cozen, Madam,  
I love her much the better for't.

*Am.* I am beholding to you,  
But then it seems I've lost a lover of you.

*Cle.* Confess she has or I'll so handle you. *[Exit Labrec.]*

*Fa.* That's too much *Cleontius* — but I will,  
By *Jove*, Madam, I must not have a Mistress that  
Has more wit than my self, they ever require  
More than a mans able to give them.

*Oli.* Is this your way of Courtship to *Isillia*? *[Exit Cle.]*

*Fa.* By *Jove*, Ladies, you get no more of that from me;  
'Tis that has spoyled you all; I find *Alcander* can  
Do more with a dumb show, then I with all my  
Applications and address.

*Oli.* Why, my Brother can speak.

*Fa.* Yes, if any body durst hear him, by *Jove* if you  
Be not kind to him, he'll Hector you all; I'll get  
The way on't too, 'tis the most prosperous one; I see no  
Other reason you have to love *Alcander*  
Better then I.

*Am.* Why should you think I do?

*Fa.* Divil I see't well enough by your continual  
Quarrells with him.

*Am.* Is that so certain a proof?

*Fa.* Ever whilst you live, you treat me too  
Well ever to hope.

*Am.* I'll be sworn you shall not be so long in it. *[Enter]*



Enter Alexander, kneeling, offers his sword to Aminta.

What new Masquerade is this? by Love, Alexander  
Has more tricks than a dancing Bear.

Am. What mean you by this present?

Alc. Kill men's souls, I mean, of sinners and of saints.

Am. What have you done to merit it?

Alcan. Do not ask, but do.

Am. I'll have a reason first.

Alcan. I think I've kill'd Pisaro.

Am. My Brother dead!

Fa. Madam look up, 'tis I that call. [She falls into the arms of Olinda,

Am. I care not who thou beest, but if a man

Revenge me on Alexander. [She goes out with Olin.

Fa. By Love she has mistook her man.

This 'tis to be a lover now,

A man's never out of one broyle or other.

But I have more wit than Aminta this bout. [offers to go.

Alcan. Come back and do your duty ere you go. [pulls him.

Fa. I owe you much Alexander.

Alcan. Aminta said you should revenge her on me—

Fa. Her word's not law I hope.

Alcan. And I'll obey—

Fa. That may do much indeed. [Fa. answers with great

Alcan. This if thou wert a man she had thee do signs of fear.

Why dost thou shake?

Fa. No, no, Sir, I am not the man she meant.

Alcan. No matter thou wilt serve as well,

A Lover! and canst disobey this Mistress?

Fa. I do disown her since she is so wicked

To bid me kill my friend,

Why thou'rt my friend Alexander.

Alcan. I'll forgive thee that.

Fa. So will not His Majesty: I may be hang'd for.

Alcan. Thou shouldst be damn'd ere disobey thy Mistress.

Fa. These be degrees of Love I am not yet arriv'd

At, when I am, I shall be as ready to be damn'd

In honour as any lover of you all. Alcan.

Alcan. Owns Sir, d' ye rally with me?

Fa. Your pardon, Sweet Alcander, I protest I am not in so gay an humour.

Alcan. Forsooth I had forgot my self.

Fa. Stark mad, by Fove — yet it may be not for some time Alcander has many unaccountable Humours. Well, if this be agreeable to Aminta, she's eno as Mad as he, and 'twere great pity to part them.

Enter Pisaro, Aminta and Olinda.

Am. Well, have you kill'd him?

Fa. Some wiser then some, Madam.

My Lord — what aliver —

Pis. Worth two dead men, you see. [See Pisaro runs to him]

Fa. That's more then I could have said — and embraces him. Within this half houre.

Alcander's a very Orlando, by Fove, and gone to seek out one that's madder yet then himself, that will kill him.

Am. Oh, dear Falatius, run and fetch him back.

Fa. Madam, I have so lately scap'd a scouring, that I with you would take it for a mark Of my passion to disobey you, for he is in a damnd Humour.

Am. He's out of it by this, I warrant you, But do not tell him that Pisaro lives.

Fa. That's as I shall find occasion. [Fal. exit.]

Pis. Alcander is a worthy youth and brave, I wish you would esteem him so. 'Tis true, there's now some difference between us, Our interest are dispos'd to several ways, But time and management will joyn us all: I'll leave you, but prithee make it thy business To get my Pardon for my last night's rudeness.

Am. I shall not fail.

Enter Alcander melancholy.

Fa. Here, Madam, here he is.

Am. Tell me, Alcander, why you treat me thus? You say you love me if I could believe you.

Alcan.

*Alcan.* Believe a man, my way you have none, I will  
 Ple say as much to every pretty woman.

*Am.* But I have given you no cause to wrong me.

*Alcan.* That was my face, not fault, I knew him not  
 But yet to make up my offence to you,  
 I offer you my life: for I'm undone,  
 If any faults of mine should make you sad.

*Am.* Here, take your sword again, my Brother's well.

*[She gives him his sword again.]*

*Fa.* Yes, by *Jove*, as I am: you had been finely  
 Serv'd if I had kill'd you now.

*Am.* What sorry for the news, ha, ha, ha.

*Alcan.* No, sorry: y'are a woman, a meer woman.

*Am.* Why did you ever take me for a man? ha, ha.

*Alcan.* Thy soul, I thought was all so; but I see  
 You have your weakness, can dissemble too;  
 — I would have sworn that sorrow in your face,  
 Had been a real one:  
 Nay, you can die in jest: you can, false woman;  
 I hate thy Sex for this.

*Fa.* By *Jove*, there is no truth in them, that's flat.

*Alcan.* Why that repentant look, what new design?

— Come, now a tear or two to second that,  
 And I am soft again, a very *Ag*.

— But yet that look would call a Saint from th' *Astral*,  
 And make him quite forget his Ceremony,  
 Or take thee for his Deity:

— But yet thou hast a very Hell within,  
 Which those bewitching eyes draw souls into.

*Fa.* Here's he that sits you, Ladies.

*Am.* Nay, now y'are too unjust, and I will leave you.

*Alcan.* Ah, do not go, I know not by what Magic, *[holds her]*  
 But as you move, my Soul yields that way too.

*Fa.* The truth on't is, she has a strong Magnetic  
 Power, that I find.

*Alcan.* But I will have none find in but my self,  
 No soul but mine shall sympathize with hers.

*Fa.* Nay, that you cannot help.

*Alcan.*

*Alcan.* Yes but *scam*, and take it from thee if I thought it did so.

*Of.* No quarrels here I pray.

*Fa.* Madam, I owe a Reverence to the place.

*Alcan.* I'll scarce allow thee that  
Madam, I'll leave you to your Lover.

*Am.* I hate thee but for saying so.

*Alcan.* Quit him then.

*Am.* So I can and thee too.

*Alcan.* The devil take me if you scape me so. *Exeunt after her.*

*Fal.* And I'll not be out-done in Importunity. *Exeunt after.*

### ACT III. SCENE III.

*Enter Gallatea and Erminia.*

*Er.* And 'tis an Act below my Quality,  
Which, Madam, will not suffer me to flee.

*Gall. Erminia,* ere you boast of what you are:  
Since you're so high I'll tell you what you were,  
Your Father was our General 'tis true,  
That Title justly to his sword was due,  
'Twas nobly gain'd, and worth his blood and toils,  
Had he been satisfi'd with noble spoils,  
But with that single Honour not content,  
He needs must undermine the Government,  
And 'cause he'd gain'd the Army to his side,  
Believ'd his Treason must be justifi'd.  
For this (and justly) he was banished,  
Where whilst a low and unknown life he led,  
Far from the hope and glory of a Throne,  
In a poor humble Cottage you were born,  
Your early Beauty did it self display,  
Nor could no more conceal it self then day:  
Your eyes did first *Phillanders* soul inspire,  
And Fortune too conform'd her to his fire,  
That made your Father greater then before,  
And what he justly lost that did restore.

'Twas



'Twas that which first thy beauty did disclose,  
Which else had wither'd like an unseen Rose;  
'Twas that which brought thee to the Court, and there  
Dispos'd thee next my self, in highest sphere:  
Alas! obscurely else should'st liv'd and dird,  
Not knowing thy own charms, nor yet this Pride.

*Er.* Madam in this your bounty is severe,  
Be pleas'd to spare that repetition here.  
I hope no Action of my life should be  
So rude to charge your generosity:  
But Madam do you think it just to pay  
Your great obligations by so false a way?  
*Alcippus* passion merits some return,  
And should that prove but an ingrateful scorn;  
Alas! I am his wife, to disobey  
My fame, as well as duty, I betray.

*Gall.* Perfidious Maid, I might have thought thou'dst prove  
False to thy Prince, and Rivall in my Love.  
I thought too justly he that conquer'd me  
Had a sufficient power to captive thee,  
Thou'st now reveng'd thy Fathers shame and thine  
In taking thus *Philanders* life and mine. [*Er. receps*]

*Er.* Ah madam that you would believe my tears  
Or from my vows but satisfy your fears.  
By all the Gods *Alcippus* I do hate,  
And would do any thing to change my fate;  
Ought that were just and Noble I dare do.

*Gall.* Enough *Erminia*, faith I credit you,  
And will no other proof of it requir;  
But that you'l now submit to my desire;  
Indeed *Erminia*, you must grant my suit,  
Where Love and Honour calls make no dispute.  
Pity a youth that never lov'd before,  
Remember 'tis a Prince that does adore,  
Who offers up a heart that never found,  
It could receive, till from your eyes a wound.

*Er.* To your command should I submit to yield  
Where could I from *Alcippus* be conceal'd?

What could defend me from his jealous rage.

*Ga.* Trust me, *Erminia*, I'll for that engage.

*Er.* And then my Honour by that flight's overthrow.

*Ga.* That being, *Phylander*, he'll preserve his own.

And that *Erminia*, sure you'll ne're distrust.

*Er.* Ah Madam, give me leave to fear the worst.

*Enter Aminta.*

*Am.* Madam, *Alcippus* waits for your Commands.

He's going to the Camp.

*Ga.* Admit him.

*Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.*

*Ga.* *Alcippus*, 'tis too soon to leave *Erminia*.

*Alcip.* I wish she thought so, Madam,

Or could beleave with what regret I do so.

Shee then would think the fault were much too small.

For such a Penance as my soul must suffer.

*Am.* No matter, Sir, you have the year before you.

*Alcip.* Yes Madam, so has every Galley-slave.

That knows his toil, but not his recompence.

Tomorrow I expect no more content.

Then this uneasie day afforded me.

And all before me is but one grand Peece

Of endless grief and madness:

— You, Madam, taught *Erminia* to be cruel:

A Vice without your Aid she could have learnt.

And now to exercise that new-taught Art,

She tries the whole experience on my heart.

*Ga.* If she do so, she learnt it not of me.

I love, and therefore know no cruelty:

Such out-rage cannot well with love reside,

Which only is the mean effect of Pride:

— I merit better thoughts from you, *Alcippus*.

*Alcip.* Pardon me, Madam, if my passion stray, *The kneeling*

Beyond the limits of my high respect.

— 'Tis a rude gust, and merits your reproaches:

But yet the sawcy flame can ne're controul

That Adoration which I owe my Princess:

That, with Religion took possession here.

And

And in my prayers I mix you with the Deities.

*Gall.* I'de rather you should treat me as a Mortal,  
Rise and begin to do so. *[Rises and bows.]*

*Alcip.* Now, Madam, what must I expect from you.

*Er.* Alcippus, all that's to your Vertue due.

*Alcip.* In that but common justice you allow.

*Er.* That justice, Sir, is all I can bestow.

*Alcip.* In justice then you ought to me resign,

That which the Holy Priest entitl'd mine,

Yet that, without your heart, I do despise,

For uncompell'd I'de have that sacrifice:

—Come ease me of that pain that presses here,

Give me but hope, that may secure my fear,

I'me not asham'd to own my soul possest,

With jealonſie, that takes away my rest.

—Tell me you'll love, or that my ſuit is vain,

Do any thing to ease me of my pain.

Gods Madam, why d' ye keep me in ſuſpence,

This cannot be th' effects of innocence,

By Heaven Ple know the cauſe where're it lies,

Nor ſhall you fool me with your feign'd diſguiſe.

*Pis.* You do forget your promiſe, and this Preſence. *[aſide]*

*Alcip.* I was kindly urg'd, perſuad be near me ſtill, *to Alcip.*

And tell me of the faults that look unmanly.

*Gall.* Dear, if thou loveſt me, flatter him a little. *[to Er.]*

*Er.* 'Tis hard to do, yet I will try it, Madam. *aſide.*

*Gall.* I'll leave you that you may the better do ſo.

—I hope *Alcippus*, you'll re-visit us,

With Lovers ſpeed,

And whatſoever treatment now you find,

At your return you'll find us much more kind. *[He bows, ſhe goes out.]*

*Alcip.* Can you forgive the raſhneſs of a man,

That knows no other Laws but thoſe of paſſion.

*Er.* You are unkind to think I do not Sir,

—Y'es, and am grown ſo ſoftned by my pity,

That I'm afraid I ſhall neglect my Vows.

And to return your paſſion, grow ingrate.

*Alcip.* A few more ſyllables expreſt like theſe,

Will raise my soul up to the worst torment, *Erminia* be A  
They give me with your scorn an equal torment. *Er.*

See what a power your language has upon me, *Alcip.*

*Alcip.* Ah, do not weep, a tear or two's enough.

For the Completion of your Cruelty,

That, when it fail'd to exercise your will,

Sent those more powerful weapons from your eyes,

And what by your severity you miss'd of,

These (but a more obliging way) perform.

Gently, *Erminia*, pour the balm in,

That I may live, and taste the sweets of love.

— Ah should you still continue as you are,

Thus wondrous good, thus excellently fair,

I should retain my growing name in War,

And all the Glories I have ventur'd for,

And fight for Crowns to recompence thy bounty.

— This can your smiles, but when those beams are clouded,

Alas, I freeze to very Cowardise,

And have not courage left to kill my self.

*Er.* A fate more glorious do's that life attend,

And do's preserve you for a Nobler end.

*Alcip.* *Erminia*, do not sooth my easie heart,

For thou my fate, and thou my Fortune art,

Whatever other blessings Heaven design,

Without my dear *Erminia*, I decline.

Yet, Madam, let me hope before I go,

In pity that you ought to let me do,

'Tis all you shall allow my impatient heart.

*Er.* That's what against my will I must impart

But wish it please the Gods, when next we meet,

We might as friends, and not as Lovers greet.

[*Erminia* exits.]

*Alcip.* I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.

I shall not be so easily won.



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Galathea and Aminta met by Phillander and Alcander.

Phi. SO hasty Sister!

Gall. Brother, I am glad to meet you.

Aminta has some welcome news for you.

Amin. My Lord!

Erminia yet is hardly brought to yield,

She wants but some encouragement from you,

That may assist her weakness to subdue,

And 'twas but faintly she deny'd to see you.

Phi. However, I will venture,

She can but chide, and that will soon be past:

A Lover's Anger is not long to last.

Amin. Ifilia, I have won to give you entrance.

Phi. Love furnish me with powerful Arguments:

Direct my tongue that my disorder'd sense,

May speak my passion more than Eloquence.

Gall. But is Alcippus gone?

Alcan. Madam, an hour since.

Phi. 'Tis well, and Sister,

Whilst I perswade Erminia to this flight,

Make it your business to perswade the King,

Hang on his neck, and kiss his willing cheek:

Tell him how much you love him, and then smile,

And mingle words with kisses; 'twill overcome him:

Thou hast a thousand pretty flatteries,

Which have appeas'd his highest fits of passion:

A Song from thee has won him to charrest,

Which neither toll nor silence could dispose him to.

Thou know'st thy power, and now or never use it.

Gall. 'Twas thither I was going.

Phi.

*Phi.* Mayst thou be prosperous. [Exeunt *Phi.* & *Gal.*

*Aminia* and *Alexander* stay.

*Am.* What now *Alexander*?

*Alcan.* As 'twas *Aminia*,

*Am.* How's that?

*Alcan.* Such a distracted lover as you left me.

*Am.* Such as I found you too, I fear, *Alexander*.

*Alcan.* Ah Madam do not wrong me so,

Till now I never knew the joys and sorrows

That do attend a soul in love like mine,

My passion only fits the object now,

I hate to tell you so, as a poor low means

To gain a Mistress by of so much win,

*Aminia* you're above that common rate

Of being won.

Mean beauties should be flatter'd into praise,

Whilst you need only sighs from every lover

To tell you who you conquer, and not how,

Nor to instruct you what attracts you have.

*Am.* This will not serve to convince me,

But you have lov'd before,

*Alcan.* And will you never quit that error madam?

*Am.* 'Tis what I've reason to believe, *Alexander*.

And you can give me none for loving me, for

I'm much unlike *Lucinda* whom you ey'd,

I'm not so coy, nor so reserv'd as she;

Nor so designing as *Florana* your next Saint,

Who starv'd you up with hope, till you grew weary,

And then *Ardelia* did restore that loss,

The little soft *Ardelia*, kind and fair too.

*Alcan.* You think you're wondrous witty now, *Aminia*.

But hang me if you be.

*Am.* Indeed, *Alexander*, no, 'tis simple truth,

Then for your bounding Mistress, long *Pranetta*,

O that Majestic garb, 'tis strangely taking

That scornful look, and eyes that strike all dead that stand

Beneath them,

*Alexander*, I have none of all these charms,

But

But well, you say you love me; could you be  
Content to dismiss these petty fears in your heart,  
And give it all to me: on those conditions, on which  
I may do much.

*Alcan.* *Aminia*, more perhaps than I may like,

*Am.* Do not fear that *Alexander* will be angry.

*Alc.* Your jealousy encourages that fear.

*Am.* If I be so, I'm the fitter for your humour.

*Alcan.* That's another reason for my fears; that's ill

Luck owes us a spite, and will be sure to pay us with it.

Loving one another, a thought I dread,

Farewell *Aminia*; when I can get loose from you

*Ardelia*, I may chance wait on you, till then

Your own Pride be your companion.

*Am.* Nay, you shall not go *Alexander*.

*Alcan.* Fy on't, those looks have lost their wonted force.

I knew you'd call'd me back to smile upon me,

And then you have me sure, no, no, *Aminia*,

I'll no more of that.

*Am.* I have too much betray'd my passion for him.

— I must recall it, I if I can I must.

— I will — for should I yield, my power is lost.

And what's a woman when that glory's gone.

# ACT IV. SCENE II

*Enter Alcippus and Pifaro*

*Pif.* You seem'd then to be pleas'd with what she said.

*Alcip.* And then methought I was so.

But yet even then I heard she did dissemble.

— Gods, what's a man possess'd with jealousy.

*Pif.* A strange wild thing; a lover without reason,

I once have prov'd the torture on't,

But as unlike to thine as good from evil,

Like fire in Limbeck, mine was soft and gentle,

Infusing kindly heat till it distilled

The spirits of the soul out at my eyes.

And

And so ended.  
 But thine's a raging fire which never ceases  
 Till it has quite destroy'd the goodly Edifice  
 Where it first took beginning;  
 Faith strive Sir to suppress it

*Alcip.* No I'll let it run to its extent  
 And see what then 'twill do  
 Perhaps 'twill make me mad, or end my life,  
 Either of which will ease me.

*Pis.* Neither of these *Alcippus*,  
 It will unman you, make you too dissid,  
 And those that now admire will pity you.

*Alcip.* What wouldst thou have me do  
 Am I not ty'd a slave to follow love,  
 Whilst at my back freedom and honour waits,  
 And I have lost the power to welcome them,  
 Like those who meet a Devil in the night,  
 And all affrighted gaze upon the fury,  
 But dare not turn their backs to what they fear,  
 Though safely lye behind them,  
 Alas I would as willingly as those  
 Fly from this Devil Love

*Pis.* You may like those affrighted, by degrees  
 Allay your sence of terror in the object,  
 And then its power will lessen with your fear,  
 And 'twill be easie to forego the fantasme.

*Alcip.* No, then like the damnd Ghost it follows me.  
*Pis.* Let reason then approach it, and examine it.

*Alcip.* Love is a surly and a lawless Devil  
 And will not answer reason,  
 I must encounter it some other way,  
 For I will lay the Fiend.

*Pis.* What would you have *Alcippus* do

*Alcip.* I'd have fair play *Pisistratus*  
 — I find the cheat, and will not to the Camp;  
 — Thou shalt supply my place, and I'll return;  
 The night grows on, and something will be done  
 That I must be acquainted with.

LA

*Pis.*



*Pis.* Pardon me Sir, if I trouble you here, I find you're growing up to Jealousies, which I do not trust alone with you.

*Alcip.* Thou know'st perhaps of something worthy it.

*Pis.* I must confess your passions give me cause, If I had any secrets to conceal them, But 'tis no time nor place to make disputes in: Will you to horse?

*Alcip.* Will you not think it fit I should return then? I can be calm.

*Pis.* What is't you mean by this return?

*Alcip.* To see *Ermima*, is not that enough to one in love, as I am?

*Pis.* But Sir, suppose you find *Phillander* there?

*Alcip.* Then I suppose I shall not much approve on't.

*Pis.* You would be at your last night's rage again, *Alcippus* this will ruin you for ever, Nor is it all the power you think you have Can save you, if he once be disobligh'd. Believe me 'twas the Princess's passion for you Made up that breach last night.

*Alcip.* All this I know as well as you *Pisaro*, But will not be thus'd, Alas! Time lost, Could I recall these two last days are past, Ah I should be my self again, *Pisaro*, I would refuse these fetters which I wear, And be a slave to nothing but to glory.

*Pis.* That were a resolution worthy of you, — But come 'tis late, what you resolve conclude.

*Alcip.* I am resolv'd I will not to the Camp, A secret inclination does perswade me To visit my *Ermima* to night.

*Pis.* Comes it from Love, or Jealousie?

*Alcip.* The first good, faith *Pisaro*, I thou'rt so fearful — You shall to'th Camp before And I'll be with you early in the morning.

*Pis.* Give me your hands, and promise to be calm.

*Alc.* By all our friendships, as the Weather winds.

Nothing that's done shall ever larage me more; nobles  
Honour's the Mistress I'll henceforth adore. [Exit.  
Pis. I will not trust you though. [Goes out another way.

ACT IV. SCENE. III. The Court Gallery.

*Enter Phillander and Alcander in their Cloaks muffled as  
in the Dark.*

*Alcan. Isillia?*

[Calls at the lodgings of Erminia.

*Isil. Who's there?*

*Alcan. A friend.*

*Isil. My Lord Alcander?*

*Alcan. The same.*

*Is. Where's the Prince?*

*Phi. Here Isillia,*

*Is. Give me your hand my Lord, and follow me.*

*Phi. To such a Heaven as thou conduct'st me too,*

*Though thou should'st traverse Hell I'd follow thee.*

*Alcan. You'll come back in charity Isillia?*

*Is. Yes if I dare trust you alone with me. [They go all in.*

ACT IV. SCENE. IV.

*Draws off, discovers Erminia sitting in a dishabit to her Phillan-  
der, who falls at her feet on his knees.*

*Er. My Lord the Prince, what makes your Highness here?*

*Phi. Erminia, why do you ask that needless question?*

*'Twas Love, Love that's unsatisfied, which brought me hi-  
ther. [Kneels.*

*Er. Rise Sir, this posture would become me better.*

*Phi. Permit me dear Erminia — to remain thus.*

*'Tis only by these signs I can express*

*What my confusion will not let me utter.*

*I know — not what strange power thou bear'st about thee,*

*But at thy sight or touch my sense forsakes me,*

*And that withall, I had design'd to say,*

*Turns*

Turns to a strange disorder'd rapture in me.

— Oh *Erminia* —

*Er.* How do you Sir?

*Phi.* I am not well.

Too suddenly I pass from one extreme

To this of joy, more insupportable,

But I shall reassume my health anon

And tell thee all my story,

*Er.* Dear Sir, retire into this inner room,

And there repose a while.

Alas, I see disorder in your face.

*Phi.* This confidence of me, is generous in thee.

[*They go into the Scene which draws over.*]

ACT IV. SCENE V. [*The Court Gallery.*]

*Enter Alcippus.*

*Alcip.* The night is calm and silent as my thoughts.

Where nothing now but loves soft whispers dwell,

Who in as gentle terms upbraids my rage,

Which strove to dispossess the Monarch thence,

It tells me how dishonest all my fears are,

And how ungrateful all my jealousies,

And prettily perswades those Infidels

To be less rude and malicious hereafter.

Ah that I could remain in this same state

And be contented with this Monarchy,

I would, if my wild multitude of passions

Could be appeas'd with it, but they're for liberty.

And nothing but a common-wealth within

Will satisfy their appetites of freedom.

— Pride, Honour, Glory, and Ambition strive

How to expell this Tyrant from my soul,

But all too weak though reason should assist them. [*The knocks.*]

[*Alcander looks out at the door.*]

*Alcan.* Who's there?

*Alcip.* A friend —

*Alc.* Oh Heavens it is my Lord *Alcippus* voice.

*Alcan. Peace Isillia.*

*Alcip. I hear a man within — open the door.*

Now Love defend thy interest, or my jealousy

Will grow the mightier Devil of the two else.

— Who's this? one muffled in a Cloak:

What art thou, who at this dead time of night

Hast took possession hear?

— Speak or I'll kill thee.

*Alcan. This were an opportunity indeed.*

To do my Prince a service, but I dare not.

*Alcip. What dar'st not do?*

*Alcan. Not kill thee.*

*Alc. Is that thy business then? have at the slave, [runs at him]*  
He spoyle your keeping doors.

*They fight, and grappling Alcander gets the Sword of Alcippus.*

*Alcip. He's got my Sword, however I lose no time:*

It may be 'tis his office to detain me.

*Alcan. I'm wounded, yet I will not leave him so;*

There may be mischief in him, though unarm'd.

#### ACT. IV. SCENE VI.

*a Bed Chamber.*

*Discovers Erminia, Phillander sitting on the Bed, to them Isillia,*  
*a Sword and Hat on the Table.*

*Isi. Ah Madam, Alcippus.*

*Er. Alcippus where?*

*Isi. I left him in a quattrell with Alcander,*  
And hear him coming up.

*Er. For Heavens sake, Sir, submit to be conceal'd.*

*Phi. Not for the world, Erminia.*

My innocence shall be my guard and thine.

*Er. Upon my knees I beg you'll be conceal'd.*

He comes; *Phillander*, for my safety go.

*Phi. I never did obey with more regret.*

*He hides himself behind the bed, and in*  
*hast leaves his Sword and Hat on the Ta-*  
*ble, Alcippus comes in.*

*Alcip.*



*Alcip.* How now *Erminia* — How comes it you are up so late?

*Er.* I found my self not much inclin'd to sleep;  
I hope 'tis no offence.

Why do you look so wildly round about you?

*Alcip.* Methinks *Erminia* you are much confus'd.

*Er.* Alas! you cannot blame me;

*Isillia* tells me you were much inrag'd  
Against a Lover she was entertaining.

*Al.* A Lover — was that a time for Courtship?  
Such actions Madam will reflect on you.

*Isillia goes to take the Hat and Sword and slide into  
her lap, which he sees, calls to her.*

— What have you there *Isillia*?

Come back and let me see what 'tis. *[He takes them from her.]*

— ha — a Sword and Hat — *Erminia*, whose be these?

*Er.* Why do you ask? — I have, how should I?

*Alcip.* To be inform'd, is that so great a wonder?

*Er.* They be my Fathers Sir —

*Alcip.* Was that well said *Erminia* — speak again.

*Er.* What is't you would know?

*Alcip.* The truth *Erminia*, 'twould become you best.

Do you think I take these things to be your fathers?

No treacherous woman, I have seen this sword *[draws the  
Worn by a man more vigorous then thy Father, Sword.  
It had not else been here.]*

— Where have you hid this mighty man of valor?

Have you exhausted so his stock of courage?

He has not any left t' appear with all!

*Pbi.* Yes, base *Alcipus*, I have still that courage,

Th' effects of which thou hast beheld with wonder,

And now being fortified by innocence,

Thou'lt find sufficient to chastise thy boldness,

Restore my Sword and prove the truth of this.

*Alcip.* I've hardly so much calmness left to answer thee,

And tell thee Prince thou art deceav'd in me.

— I know 'tis just I should restore thy Sword,

But thou hast show'd the basest of thy play,

And

And I'll return th'uncivil treachery.  
 You merit death for this base injury.  
 But you're my Prince, and that I own you so,  
 Is all remains in me of sense or justice,  
 The rest is rage, which if thou get'st not hence,  
 Will eat up that small morcell too of reason.  
 And leave me nothing to preserve thy life with.

*Phi.* Gods, am I tame, and hear the Traytor braye me, *[Offers to run into him.]*  
 I have resentment left though nothing else.

*Alcip.* Stand off, by all that's good I'll kill thee else. *(Er. puts*

*Er.* Ah, hold Sir, hold, the Prince has no defence, *her self between*

And you are more then arm'd.

What honour is't to let him Murther you?

— Nor would your fame be lessen'd by retreat.

*Phi.* Alas I dare not leave thee here with him.

*Er.* Trust me Sir, I can make him calm again.

*Alcip.* She counsels well, and I advise you take it.

*Phi.* I will, but not for fear of thee or death;

But from th' assurance that her power's sufficient

To allay this unbecoming fury in thee,

And bring thee to repentance.

*He gives him his Sword, Phillander goes out, Alcip-  
 pus locks the door after him.*

*Er.* Alcippus, what do you mean?

*Alcip.* To know where 'twas you learn'd this impudence?

Which you'r too cunning in,

Not to have been a stale practitioner.

*Er.* Alas, what will you do?

*Alcip.* Preserve thy soul if thou hast any sense

Of future joys, after this damned action.

*Er.* Al, what have I done?

*Alcip.* That which if I should let thee live, *Erminia*

Would never suffer thee to look abroad again.

— Thou'st made thy self and me —

— Oh, I dare not name the Monsters —

But I'll destroy them whilst the Gods look down,

And smile upon my justice.

*He strangles her with a Garter, which he snatches from his  
Leg, or smothers her with a Pillow.*

*Er.* Hold, hold, and hear my vows of innocence.

*Alcip.* Let me be damn'd as thou art if I do, *(throws  
her on a bed, he sits down in a Chair.*

—So now my heart, I have redeem'd thee nobly,  
Sit down and pause a while—

—But why so still and tame, is one poor Murder  
Enough to satisfy thy storm of passion.

If it were just, it ought not here to end.

—If not— I've done too much— *(One knocks, he rises  
after a little pause, and opens the door, enter Page,*

*Page.* My Lord *Pisaro*—

*Alcip.* *Pisaro*— Oh that name has wakened me  
A name till now had never terror in't.

—I will not speak with him.

*Page.* My Lord he's here— *[Page goes out, Enter Pisaro.]*

*Pis.* Not speak with me, nay, then I fear the worst.

*Alcip.* Not for the world *Pisaro*— *[Hides his  
face with his hand, see Erminia.]*

*Pis.* Thy guilt is here too plain,

I need not read it in thy blushing face,

She's dead, and pale, Ah, weep *Erminia*.

*Alcip.* If she be dead the fitter she's for me,

She'll now be coy no more,

Nor cry I cannot love,

And frown and blush, when I but kiss her hand

Now I shall read no terror in her eyes,

And what is better yet, shall ne'er be jealous.

*Pis.* Why didst thou make such haste to be undone?

Had I detain'd thee but an hour longer,

Thou'dst been the only happy of thy sex.

—I know thou didst dissemble when we parted,

And therefore durst not trust thee with thy passions,

I only stay'd to gather from my Sister,

What news I might concerning your affairs,

Which I with joy came to impart to you,

But most unfortunately came too late,

Why

Why didst thou yield obedience to that sin,  
Which urged thee to destroy this innocent?

*Alcip.* Pisaro, do not err.

I found the Prince and she alone together,  
He all disorder'd like a ravisher,

Loose and unburr'd for the amorous play,  
O that she had another life to lose.

*Pis.* You wrong her most inhumanely, you do  
Her blood yet sensible of the injury  
Flows to her face to upbraid thy cruelty.

— Where dost thou mean bad man to hide thy head,  
Vengeance and Justice will pursue thee close,  
And hardly leave thee time for penitence.

— What will the Princess say to this return,  
You've made to all the offers she had sent  
This night by Prince *Phillander*?

*Alcip.* Oh when you name the Prince's and *Phillander*,  
Such different passions do at once possess me,  
As sinks my over-laden soul to hell.

— Alas why do I live? 'tis losing time,  
For what is death, a pain that's sooner ended

Then what I felt from every frown of hers,  
— It was but now, that lovely thing had life,

Could speak and weep, and had a thousand charms  
That had oblig'd Murderer, and madness 'twixt  
To've been her tame adorers.

Yet now should even her best belov'd the Prince,  
With all his youth, his beauties and desires

Fail at her feet, and tell his tale of love,  
She hardly would return his amorous smiles,

Or pay his meeting kisses back again,  
Is not that fine *Pisaro*?

*Pis.* Sir, 'tis no time to talk in, come with me,  
For here's no safety for a Murderer.

*Alcip.* I will not go, alas I seek no safety,  
*Pis.* I will nor now dispute that vain reply,

But force you to security,  
*Pisaro draws him out, the Scene closes.*

*Phil.*



## ACT IV. SCENE VII.

*Enter Phillander, Alcander, Gallathea, Aminta, and Palatius.*

*Fa.* Ah fly, Sir, fly, from what I have to tell you.

*Alcan.* What's the news?

*Fa.* Ah Sir, the dismall'st heavy news that ere  
Was told or heard.

*Gall.* No matter, out with it.

*Fa.* *Erminia*, Madam.

*Phi.* *Erminia*, What of her?

*Fa.* Is dead, Sir.

*Alcan.* What hast thou lost thy wits?

*Fa.* I had them not about me, at the sight  
I else had been undone: Alas *Erminia* dead,  
Murder'd and dead.

*Alcan.* It cannot be, thou ly'st.

*Fa.* By ~~force~~, I do not Sir, I saw her dead,  
Alas, I ran as I was wont to do,  
Without demanding licence to her chamber,  
But found her not as I was wont to do,  
In a gay humour, but stone dead, and cold.

[The women  
weep.]

*Phi.* *Alcander*, am I awake — or being so,  
Dost not perceive this senseless flesh of mine  
Harden into a cold benumbed statue.

—Methinks — it does — support me — or I fall  
And so — shall break to pieces —

[Falls into his  
arms.]

*Gall.* Ah lovely maid, was this thy destiny:  
Did Heaven create thy beauties to this end:

—I must distrust their bounties, who neglected

[He leads him  
out.]

The best and fairest of their handy-work;

This will encourage sin, when innocence

Must perish thus, and meet with no defence.

*Enter the King and Orgulius.*

*Org.* If murder'd innocence do cry for justice,

Can you, great Sir, make a defence against it?

*King.* I think I cannot.

*Org.* Sir, as you are pious, as you are my King,  
The Lover and Protector of your people,  
Revenge *Erminia's* Murder on *Alcippus*.

*Gall.* If e're my Mother, Sir, were dear to you,  
As from your tears I guesst whene're you nam'd her:  
If the remembrance of those charmes remain,  
Whose weak resemblance you have found in me,  
For which you oft have said you lov'd me dearly,  
Dispence your mercies, and preserve this Copy,  
Which esse must perish with th' Original.

*King.* Why all this Conjurati'on, *Gallates*?

*Gall.* To move you, Sir, to spare *Alcippus* life.

*Kin.* You are unjust, if you demand a life,  
Must fall, a sacrifice to *Erminia's* Ghost,  
That is a debt I have engag'd to pay.

*Gall.* Sir, if that promise be already past,  
And that your word be irrevocable.

I vow I will not live a moment after him.

*Kin.* How *Gallates*! I'de rather hop'd you'd joynd  
Your prayers with his.

*Gall.* Ah Sir, the late Petition which I made you

Might have inform'd you why these knees are bow'd,

'Twas but this night I did confess I lov'd him,

And you would have allow'd that passion in me,

Had he not been *Erminias*,

And can you question now what this address meant.

*Or.* Remember Sir, *Erminia* was my Daughter.

*Gall.* And Sir, remember that I am your Daughter.

*Or.* And shall the Traytor live that murder'd her?

*Gall.* And will you by his death Sir, murder me?

In dear *Erminia's* death too much is done,

If you revenge that death, 'tis two for one.

*Or.* Ah Sir, to let him live's unjust in you.

*Gall.* And killing me, you more injustice do.

*Or.* *Alcippus*, Madam, merits not your love,  
That could so cruel to *Erminia* prove.

*Gall.* If lovers could be rul'd by reasons laws,  
For this complaint on him, we'd had no cause.

'Twas

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'Twas Love that made him this rash act commit,  
Had she been kind I had taught him to submit.

— But might it not your present grief augment,  
I'd say that you deserve this punishment,  
By forcing her to marry with the General;  
By which you have destroy'd *Phillander* too,  
And now you would *Aleippus* life undoe.

*Gr.* That was a fault of duty to your Majesty.

*Kin.* Though that were honest, 'twas not wisely done.  
For had I known the passion of my son,  
And how essential 'twas to his content,  
I willingly had granted my consent,  
Her worth and beauty had sufficient been,  
To've rais'd her to the title of a Queen.  
Did not my Glorious Father, Great Gen'rall,  
Marry the Daughter of his Admirall,  
And I might to my Son have been as kind,  
As then my Father did my Grandfire find.  
You once believ'd that I had guilty been,  
And had the punishment, but not the sin,  
I suffer'd when 'twas thought I did aspire.

*Kin.* How did *Phillander* take *Ermippus* death?

*Gall.* My own surprize and grief was so extream,  
I know not what effects it had in him,  
But this account of him I'm forc'd to give,  
Since she is dead, I know he cannot live.

*Kin.* I'll know *Phillanders* fate ere I proceed,  
And if he dye, *Aleippus* too shall bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCEN. VIII. *The Gallery.*

*Enter Palatius and Labrec.*

*Pa.* Wert thou never valiant *Labrec*?

*La.* Yes Sir, before I serv'd you, and since too, I  
Am provok'd to give you proofs on't sometimes,  
For when I am angry I am a very Hector.

*Pa.* The Devil when a body's angry, but that's

Not the valour in mode; men fight now a-days, and I saw T  
Without that, and even embrace while they draw'd out their  
Their swords on one another.

*Ld.* I Sir, those are men that despise their lives.

*Fa.* Why that's it *Labrec*, that I would learn to do,  
And, which I fear, nothing but poverty will make me do;  
*Fove* defend me from that experiment.

*Enter Eximia veil'd with a thin Tiffany.*

*Labrec.* What's the matter, Sir,  
Does the Fit take you now?

*Fa.* Save us, save us from the Fiend.

*La.* A ghost, a ghost, O, O, O! [*They fall, shaking on the*

*Er.* This was a happy mistake,  
Now I may pass with safety.

*Fa.* Look up, *Labrec*, if thou hast any of that  
Courage thou speakest of but now.

*La.* I dare not, Sir, experience yours I pray.

*Fa.* Alas, alas, I fear we are both rank Cowards.

*La.* Rise Sir, 'tis gone.

*Fa.* This was worse then the fright *Alexander* put  
Me into by much. [*They rise and go out.*

## ACT IV. SCENE. IX.

*Enter Phillander and Cleontius.*

*Phi.* I know he's fled to th' Camp,  
For there he only can secure himself.

*Cle.* I do not think it, Sir,

He's too brave to justify an action  
Which was the out-rage only of his passion;  
That soon will toyle it self into a Calm,  
And then will grow considerate again,  
And hate the rashness which is prompt him too.

*Phi.* That shall not serve his turn — go  
Tell him I'll get his pardon of the King,  
And set him free from other fears of justice,  
But those which I intend to execute.



He be true, he will not refuse this offer.  
 If not, I'll do as he has done by the  
 And meet his hated soul by treachery. *[Cle. goes out.]*

—And then I've nothing more to do but dye.  
 —Ah how agreeable are the thoughts of death,  
 How kindly do they entertain my soul,  
 And tells it pretty tales  
 Of satisfaction in the other world,  
 That I shall dwell for ever with *Erminia*.

—But stay.  
 That sacred spirit yet is unreveng'd,  
 —I'll send that Traytors soul to eternall night,  
 Then mine shall take his so desired flight; *[Going out.]*

*Enter Erminia, calls him.*  
*Er.* Return *Philander*, whether wouldst thou fly?  
*Phi.* What voice — is that — *[Turns, sees her, and is*

*Er.* 'Tis I, my Prince, tis I, *frighted.*

*Phi.* Thou — Gods — what art thou — in that lovely shape?

*Er.* A soul that from *Elixium* made escape *[As she comes to-*  
 To visit thee, why dost thou steal away, *wards him he goes*  
 Eile not approach thee nearer then I may. *back in great amaze.*

*Phi.* Why do I shake — it is *Erminias* form —  
 And can that beauty ought that's — ill adorn?

— In every part *Erminia* does appear,  
 And — sure no Devil — can inhabit here. *[He comes*

*Alcan.* My Lord the Prince. *on and kneels, she knocks,*

*Phi.* Ha — *she steels back in at a door.*

— Oh Gods, I charge thee not to vanish yet,  
 I charge thee by those powers thou dost obey,

Not to deprive me of thy blessed sight.

*Er.* I will re-visit thee *[Enter Alcan.]*

*Phi.* I'm not content with that. *[Alcan. comes in.]*

— Stay, stay, my dear *Erminia*.

*Alcan.* What mean you Sir? *[He rises, and looks still]*

*Phi.* *Alcander*, look, look, how she glides away, *affrighted.*

Do'st thou not see't?

*Alcan.* Nothing Sir, nor I.

*Phi.* No, now she's gon again.

*Alcan.*

*Alcan.* You are disorder'd, pray sit down a while, and rest.

*Phi.* No, not at all *Alcander*, I see my self, as on the spot, I was not in a dream, nor in a passion, When she appear'd, her face a little pale, But else my own *Erminia*, she her self, I mean a thing as like, nay, it spoke too, And I undaunted answer'd it again, But when you knock't it vanisht.

*Alcan.* 'Twas this *Aminta* would perswade me to, And faith I laugh at her, And wish I might have leave to do so now.

*Phi.* You do displease me with your unbelief.

*Alcan.* Why Sir, do you think there can indeed be Ghosts?

*Phi.* Pray do not urge my sense to lose its nature,

*Er.* It is *Alcander*, I may trust him too. [She steps in on them]

*Phi.* Look where she comes again, credit thy eyes, and comes Which did perswade thee that they saw her dead.

*Alcan.* By Heaven and so they did — [Both seem frighted.]

— Gods — this — is wondrous — strange, yet I can bear it,

If it were the Devil himself in that fair shape.

*Phi.* And yet thou shakest —

*Alcan.* I do, but know not why.

— Inform us lovely spirit what thou art,

A God — or Devil, if either thou art welcom.

*Er.* You cannot think *Alcander*, there be Ghosts.

No, give me your hand & prove mine flesh and blood.

— Sir, you were wont to credit what I said,

And I would still insist that kind opinion.

*Phi.* *Erminia*, soul of sweetness, is it you?

— How do you ravish with excess of joys?

*Er.* Softly dear Sir, do not express that joy,

Lest you destroy it by your doing so.

I fly for sanctuary to your arms.

As yet none knows I live but poor *Isilla*,

Who bathing of my cold face with her tears,

Percav'd some signs of life, and us'd what means

Her love and duty did instruct her in,

And in half an hour was so reviv'd,

As

As I had sense of all was past and done,  
And to prevent a death I yet might fear,  
If mad *Alcippus* had return'd again.

—Alone I came to you, where I could find  
Alone my safety too.

*Phi.* From Gods, and thou *Erminia* thou art safe,  
My best and blest *Erminia*.

*Er.* Sir, in my coming hither I met *Aminia*,  
Whom I may fear has alarm'd all the Court,  
She took me for a Ghost, and ran away,  
Ere I could undeceive her.

—*Falatinus* too, affrighted even to death.

*Alcan.* Faith, that was lucky Madam.

—Hark some body knocks, you'd best retire a little. [*Leads*  
her into the door,

*Enter Gallatea and Aminia.* *Gall.* *lighted.*

*Gal.* Ah Brother, there's such news abroad, I have

*Phi.* What dear Sister, for I am here confin'd,  
And cannot go to meet it?

*Gall.* *Erminias* Ghost is seen, and I'm so frighted.

*Phi.* You would not fear it though it should appear.

*Gall.* Oh do not say so,  
For though the world had thought I held more dear,  
I would not see her Ghost for all the world.

*Alcan.* But Madam, 'tis so like *Erminia*.

*Am.* Why have you seen it too?

*Alcan.* Yes *Aminia*.

*Am.* Then there be Ghosts *Alexander*?

*Phi.* *Aminia* we'll convince him. [*Phi.* *Leads* but *Er.* who

comes smiling to the Princess.

—But how dear creature wert thou thus preserv'd.

*Phi.* Another time for that, but now let's think  
How to preserve her still.

Since all believe her dead, but who are present,

And that they may remain in this blest error,

I will consult with you, but you my dearest

Shall as the spirit of *Erminia* act,

And reap the glory of so good a part.

It will advance the new design I have;  
 And Sister to your care I must commit the treasure of my life.

*Gall.* It was not kind, she came not first to me.

*Er.* Madam, I fear'd the safety of my Prince,  
 And every moment that I found I liv'd,  
 Were more tormenting, then were those of death,  
 Till I had undeceiv'd his apprehensions.

*Phi.* 'Twas like thy self, generous and kind, my dear,  
 Thou mightst have come too late else.

*Er.* But Sir, pray where's my Murderer? for yet  
 A better name I cannot well afford him.

*Gall.* All that we know of him,  
*Pisaro* now inform'd him.

Who came just as he thought he'd murder'd thee,  
 And beg'd he would provide for his own safety,  
 But he who gave him sober promises,  
 No sooner found himself out of his arms,  
 But frantick and i'th' dark he got away.

But out o'th' Court he knows he cannot pass,  
 As this dead time of night;

But he believes he is i'th' Groves or Gardens,  
 And thither he's gone to find him out.

*Alean.* This is no place to make a longer stay in,  
 The King has many spies about the Prince,  
 'Twere good you would retire to your apartment.

*Gall.* We'll take your Counsel, Sir,  
 — Good night, Brother.

*Phi.* *Erminia*, may thy dreams be calm and sweet  
 As thou hast made my soul,  
 May nothing of the cruelty that's past  
 Approach thee in a rude uneasy thought;  
 Remember it not so much as in thy prayers,  
 Let me alone to thank the Gods for thee,  
 To whom that blessing only was ordain'd,  
 And when I lose my gratitude to Heaven,  
 May they deprive me of the joys they've given.

Exeunt.  
 ACT.



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ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gallatea, Erminia, Pisaro, Aminta.

*Call.* AND hast thou found him? ease my misery.

*Pis.* I have, and done as you commanded me.

I found him sitting by a fountain side,

Whose tears had power to swell the little tide,

Which from the Marble Statues breasts still flows:

As silent and as numberless were those.

I laid me down behind a Thicket near,

Where undiscover'd I could see and hear:

The Moon the day suppli'd, and all below

Instructed, even as much as day could do.

I saw his postures, heard him rave and cry,

'Twas I that kill'd *Erminia*, yes 'twas I,

Then from his almost frantick head he'd tear

Whole handfuls of his well-becoming hair:

Thus would he till his rage was almost spent,

And then in softer termes he would lament,

Then speak as if *Erminia* still did live,

And that belief made him forget to grieve.

—The Marble Statue *Venus*, he mistook

For fair *Erminia*, and such things he spoke;

Such unheard passionate things as e'ne would move,

The Marble Statue's self to fall in love;

He'd kiss its breast, and say she kind was grown,

And never mind, alas, 'twas senseless stone;

He took its hand, and to his mouth had laid it,

But that it came not, and its stay betray'd it;

Then would he blush, and all agham'd become,

His head declining, for a while he dumb:

His Arms upon his breast across would lay,

L

Then

Then sensibly and calmly walk away,  
 And in his walk a thousand things he said,  
 Which I forgot, yet something with me stay'd,  
 He did consult the nature of the crime,  
 And still concluded that 'twas just in him;  
 He ran o're all his life, and found no act  
 That was un-generous in him, but this fact.  
 From which the Justice took off the disgrace,  
 And might even for an act of virtue pass;  
 He did consult his glory and his pride,  
 And whilst he did so, lay'd his grief aside.

—Then was as calm as ere he seem'd to be.

*Gall.* And all this while did he ne're mention me?

*Pis.* Yes, Madam, and a thousand things he said,  
 By which much shame and passion he betray'd,  
 And then 'twas, Madam, I stept in and gave  
 Counsell, I thought him fittest to receive,  
 I sooth'd him up, and told him that the crime,  
 I had committed, had the case been mine.  
 I all things said that might his griefs beguile,  
 And brought him to the sweetness of a smile.

—To all I said he lent a willing ear,

And my reproaches too at last did hear.

With this insensibly I drew him on,

And with my flatteries, so upon him won

Such gentleness infus'd into his breast,

As has dispos'd his wearied soul to rest,

Sleeping upon a Couch I've left him now,

And came to render this account to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Gall.* *Pisaro*, 'twas the office of a friend,

And thou'st perform'd it to a generous end:

Go on and prosper in this new design,

And when thou'st done, the glory shall be thine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

## ACT V. SCENE II.

*Drain off, discovers Alcippus rising from the Couch.*

*Alcip.* I cannot sleep, my soul is now unfurnish'd  
Of all that sweetness which allow'd it rest.  
—'Tis flown, 'tis flown, for ever from my breast.  
And in its room eternal discords dwell,  
Such as out-do the black intrigues of Hell—  
—Oh my fortune— [weeps]  
—What's here— Alas, that which I dare not look on,  
And yet, why should I shun that image here,  
Which I continually about me beare,  
But why, dear Picture, art thou still so gay,  
Since she is gone, from whom these charms were borrow'd,  
Those eyes that gave this speaking life to thine,  
Those lovely eyes are clos'd in endless darkness,  
There's not a star in all the face of Heaven,  
But now out-shines those Sons.  
Suns at noon day dispens'd not kindlier influences:  
And thou blest mirror, that hast oft beheld  
That face, which nature never made a fairer,  
Thou that so oft her beauties back reflected,  
And made her know what wondrous power there lay  
In every feature of that lovely face.  
But she will smile no more! no more! no more!  
—Why, who shall hinder her? Death, cruel death!  
—'Twas I that murder'd her—  
Thou ly'st— thou durst as well be damn'd as touch her,  
She was all sacred, and that impious hand  
That had prophaneely touch'd her,  
Had wither'd from the body.  
—I lov'd her— I ador'd her, and could I,  
Could I approach her with unhallow'd thoughts.  
—No, no, I durst not.—  
But as devoutest Pilgrims do the shrine,

— If I had don't,  
The Gods, who take the part of Innocence, A  
Had been reveng'd —

— Why did not Thunder strike me in the Action?  
Why, if the Gods be just, and I had don't,  
Did they not suffer earth to swallow me; all soon as I look  
Quick — quick into her bosom —

— But yet I say again it was not I —  
— Let me behold this face,  
That durst appear in such a Villany. [He looks in the Glass.]

*Enter Pisaro and Erminia dress'd like an Angel*

*and about her with wings.*

Pis. Look, where he is.

Erm. Alas, I tremble at the sight of him.

Pis. Fear nothing, Madam, He be near you still.

Er. Pray stay a little longer.

Aleip. — My face has horror in't, pale and disfigurd,  
And lean as Envy's self —

My eyes all bloody, — and my hanging lids,  
Like Midnight's mischief, hide the guilty Balls,

— And all about me calls me Murderer —

— Oh horrid Murderer —

That very sound tears out my hated soul,

— And to compleat my ruine,

Ile still behold this face where Murder dwells.

*He looks in the Glass, Erminia steals behind him, and looks*

*into it over his shoulder; he is frighted.*

Ha — What do's this Glass present me?

What art thou? — speak, — What art thou?

— Sure I am fixt, what shall the Devil fright me?

— Me, shall he fright —

Who stood the execution of a Murder —

— But 'tis that shape, and not thy Nature, frights me —

— That calls — the blood out of my panting heart,

— That Traitor heart that did conspire thy death.

Er. Sit down and hear me —

To disobey, thy punishment shall be: —

*Musick begins to play, which continues all this Scene.*



To live in endless torments: But I will live.

*Alcip.* Thou threatenst, but I will live.

*He sits within.* *Er. Alcippus* tell me what you feel.

*the scene.* What is that I appear to be?

*Bow.* *Alcip.* My black Broom, Deirdre.

*Er. Alcippus* you inform me true.

To you I owe this life above.

For I am happy as a God.

I only come to tell thee so.

And by that tale to end thy woe.

Know, Mighty Sir, your day's begun.

From what last night to me was done.

In vain you mourn, in vain you weep.

For what the Gods must ever keep.

In vain you mourn, in vain you weep.

A loss which yours is never more.

The Gods their Mercies will restore.

In a more glorious Resurgence.

A World of Blessings they've in store.

A World of Honors, Nobles more.

Thou shalt the Kingdoms Darling be.

And Kings shall Homage pay to thee.

Thy Sword no bounds to Conquest set.

And thy success that Sword shall wet.

Princes thy Charms shall grace.

Whilst thou in triumph bring'st home Peace.

This will the Gods, thy King yet more.

Will give thee what those Gods adore.

And what they did create for thee.

*Alcippus* look, for that is he.

*Enter the Princess, and goes over the stage.*

*Bow* a little to *Alcippus*, and goes off.

*Alcip.* The Princess!

*Er.* Be still, 'tis she you must possess.

'Tis she must make your happiness.

'Tis she must lead you on to find.

*Alcip.* Those

Those blessings Heaven has deign'd  
'Tis she'll conduct you where you'll find  
The perfect joys of grateful love.

*Enter Aminta like Glory, Alexander representing  
Honour. They pass over, and bow, and go out.*

*Glory and Honour, wait on her.*

*Enter two more representing Mars and Pallas,  
bow and go out.*

With Pallas and the God of war,  
Fortune and Love which ne're agree.

*Enter Ollinda like Fortune, a Page like Cupid,  
bow, and goes out.*

So now united bow to thee.

—Be wise, and of their bounties share,

For if *Erminia* still were here,

Still subject to the toyles of life,

She never could have been thy wife.

Whereby the laws of men and Heaven

Was to anothers bosom given,

—And what injustice thou hast done,

Was only to thy Prince alone,

But he has mercy, can redeem,

Those ills which thou hast done to him.

—But see, they all return again.

*All the disquid enter again and dance. with Love  
in the midst, to whom as they dance, they in order  
make an offer of what they carry, which must be some-  
thing to represent them by, which Love refuses with  
Nodi, still pointing to Alcippus, the Dance done,  
they lay them at his feet, or seem to do so, and go out.*

What thinkest thou of thy destiny,

Is't not agreeable to thee,

Tell me *Alcippus* is't not brave,

Is it not better then a grave?

Cast off your tears, abandon grief,

And give what you have seen, belief.

Dress all your looks and be as gay,

As Virgins in the month of May,

Deck up that face where sorrow grows,

And

And let your smiles adorn your brows,  
Recall your wonted sweetest home,  
And let your eyes all Love become,  
For which the Gods have will'd and bid,  
Thou hast no power to evade  
What they decree, none can withstand,  
You must obey what they command. [She goes out, he remains]

*Enter Pisaro* *Unnumberable for a while.*

*Pis.* How is't man—what speechless?

*Alcip.* No—

*Pis.* I left thee on the bed, how cam'st thou here?

*Alcip.* I know not.

*Pis.* Have you slept?

*Alcip.* Yes, ever since you left me.

And 'twas a kindness in thee now to wake me,  
For sleep had almost flatter'd me to peace,  
Which is a vile injustice.

—Ah *Pisaro*, I had such a dream,  
Such a fine flattering dream,

*Pis.* How was it pray?

*Alcip.* Nay, I will forget it,

I do not merit so much peace of mind,  
As the relation of that dream will give me,  
Oh 'twas so perfect too,  
I hardly can persuade my self I slept,  
Dost thou believe there may be apparitions?

*Pis.* Doubtless, my Lord, there be.

*Alcip.* I never could believe it till this hour,  
By Heavens I think I saw them too, *Pisaro*.

*Pis.* 'Tis very possible you're not deceiv'd

*Alcip.* *Erminia's* spirit, in a glorious form.

*Pis.* I do believe you.

*Alcip.* Why, is't not strange?

*Pis.* It would have been, had I not heard already,  
She has this night appear'd to several persons,  
In several shapes; the first was to the Prince,  
And said so many pretty things for you.

(40)  
As has perswaded him to pardon your disobedience, and to let you go.  
*Alcip.* Oh Gods, what Fortune is this? I do believe the Prince is innocent.  
From all that thou hast said. But yet I wish he would dispose his bowties  
On those that would return Acknowledgments. I hate he should oblige me.  
You are too obstinate, and must submit.

*Alcip.* It cannot be, and yet methinks I give.  
A strange and sudden credit to this spirit,  
It beckned me into another room,  
Ile follow it, and know its business there.

*Phi.* Come Sir, I am a kind of Prophet,  
And can interpret dreams too.  
We'll walk a while, and you should tell me all,  
And then I will advise you what to do.

### ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter Phillander with the King.*

*Kin.* Thou'lt entertain'd me with a pretty story,  
And call'd up so much Nance to thy Cause,  
That I am half subjected to its Law:  
I find thy lovely Mother plead within too,  
And bids me put no force upon thy will;  
Tells me thy flame should be as unconfin'd,  
As that we felt when our two souls combin'd.  
Alas, *Phillander*, I am old and feeble,  
And cannot long survive;  
But thou hast many Ages yet to number,  
Of youth and vigour, and should all be wasted  
In the Embraces of an unlov'd Maid:  
No, my *Phillander*, if that after death  
Ought could remain to me of this worlds joys,  
I should remember none with more delight,  
Than those of having left thee truly happy.

*Phi.* This goodness, Sir, resembles that of Heaven,  
Preserving what it made, and can be paid

Only



Only with grateful praise as we do that.

*Kin. Go, carry on your innocent design,  
And when you've done, the last act shall be mine.* *Exeunt.*

# ACT V. SCENE IV.

*Enter Aminta followed by Alexander, Eriminta and Gallatea goes  
out, Enter Alexander and stays Aminta.*

*Alex. Stay, dear Aminta, do not fly so fast.*

*Am. Methinks Alexander you should shun that maid,  
Of whose too much of kindness you're afraid,  
'Twas not long since you parted in such fury,  
And swore my treatment of you was too rude.  
You vow'd you found no beauty in my eyes,  
And can you now pursue what you despise?* *Offers to go.*

*Alex. Nay do not leave me yet, for still your scorn  
Much better then your absence may be born.*

*Am. Well Sir, your business, for mine requires haste.*

*Alex. Say, fair Aminta, shall I never find  
You'll cease this rigour and be kind?  
Will that dear breast no tenderness admit,  
And shall the pain you give no pity get?  
Will you be never touch'd with what I say,  
And shall my youth and vows be thrown away?  
You know my passion and my humour too,  
And how I dye, though I do not tell you so.*

*Am. What arguments will you produce to prove  
You love, for yet I'll not believe you love.*

*Alex. Since, fair Aminta, I did thee adore,  
Alas I am not what I was before.  
My thoughts disorder'd from my heart do break,  
And sighs destroy my language when I speak.  
My liberty and my report I gave,  
To be admitted but your slave,*

*And can you question such a victory?  
O must I suffer more to make you free?  
It needs not, since these languishments can*

Nought but the wounds which you alone can cure, bid you  
*Am. Alcander, you so many frowns have paid,*

*So many sighs and tears, so many a Maid,*

*That should I credit give to what you say,*

*I merit being undone as well as they.*

*— No, no, Alcander, I le no more of that.*

*Alas, Farewell, Aminta, mayst thou want a lover,*

*When I shall hate both thee and thy whole Sex,*

*I can indure your sober cruelty,*

*But do despise it clad in jollity.*

*Exit Aminta severally.*

# ACT V. SCENE V.

*Discovers a room hung with black, a Horse standing in it with  
 Tapers round about it, Alcippus weeping at it, with Isilla, and  
 other Women with long black veiles round about the Horse.*

*Isi. I humbly beg, my Lord, you would forbear.*

*Alcip. Oh Isilla,*

*Thou knowst not what vast treasure this incloses,*

*This sacred Pile, is there no sorrow due to it,*

*Alas, I bid her not farewell at parting,*

*Nor did receive so much as one poor kiss,*

*— Alas wretched, wretched man.*

*Enter the Prince.*

*Alcip. How, the Prince!*

*How suddenly my grief submits to rage.*

*Phi. Alcippus, why dost thou gaze thus on me,*

*What horror have I in my looks that frights thee,*

*Alcip. Why Sir, what makes you here?*

*I've no more wives, no more Erminia,*

*Alas she's dead—*

*Will you not give her leave to rest in peace,*

*Is this the gratitude you pay my favours,*

*That gave thee life, after thy wrongs to me,*

*But*

But 'twas my Sisters kindness that preserv'd thee,  
And I prefer'd my vengeance to the Gods.

*Alcip.* Your Sister is a Saint I adore,  
But I refuse a life that comes from you.

*Isf.* What mean you, Sir?

*Alcip.* To speak a truth as dying men should do.

*Phi.* *Alcippus* for my Sister's sake who loves you,  
I can bear more then this — you know my power,  
And I can make you fear.

*Alcip.* No, Prince, nor whilst I am in love with dying.

*Phi.* Your love to that I see has made you impudent.

*Isf.* The storm comes on, your highness should avoid it.

*Phi.* Let him give place, He keep possession here.

*Isf.* It is the Prince's pleasure Sir, you are in the presence.

*Alcip.* No, this I call my home.

And since *Erminia* is here that does entide it so,

I will not quit the presence.

*Phi.* Gave thee a title too, *Alcippus*?

*Alcip.* Me *Philander* — *[They come to each other]*

*Phi.* Thee — *[breast, and so draw]*

*Alcip.* Me, What dare you now?

*Phi.* I dare declare that I can hear no more.

Be witness Heaven how justly I am compell'd.

*Alcip.* Now Sir, you are brave, and love *Erminia* too.

*The women run all away crying, they draw out some one may  
and some another, drawing some their veiles behind them,  
some half off, half on.*

*Phi.* We are here too late, these women will betray us.

*Alcip.* Sir, 'tis a work that will be soon dispatcht.

And this a place and time most proper for't. *[Fal. peeps in and]*

*Agass. or two in the Room. Pheas. runs between. runs away.*

*Isf.* Hold Sir I am your grown desperate.

What means your Highness? — *[To the Prince]*

*Alcippus*, what is't you design in this?

*Alcip.* To fight, & fare and be kill'd.

*Isf.* By Heaven you shall not fight, unless with me,

And you've so anger'd me with this rash action,

I could almost provoke you to it.

*Alcip.* *Ma* *Enter*

*Alon.* Gold Sir, That you should  
Thus expose your self,  
The Worlds great Heir, against a desperate mad man.

*Pis.* Have you forgot your appatition Sir?

*Alon.* Oh 'twas an idle lying one *Pisaro*,  
And came but to intrap me.

To them *Gallatea*, *Aminata*, and *Olinda*.  
*Gall.* Ah Brother, why so cruel to your Sister?

*Phi.* Here *Gallatea*, punish my misfortune,  
For yet I want the will to injure thee,  
Heaven knows what provocations I receiv'd  
Ere I would draw a Sword on him you lov'd.

*Gall.* Unjust *Alcippus* how dost thou reward me?

*Alcip.* Ah Madam, I have too much shame to live,  
Had Heaven preserv'd my innocence in fire,  
That I with confidence might have ador'd you,  
Though I had been successful.

Yet I had liv'd and hop'd, and aim'd to merit you,  
But since all hopes of that are taken from me,  
My life is but too poor a sacrifice  
To make attonement for my sins to you.

*Gall.* I will not answer thee to what thou'st said,  
But only beg thou wilt preserve thy life,  
Without which mine will be of little use to me.

*Alcip.* Might I without a sin believe this blessing,  
Sure I should be immortal.

*Pal.* I think I may venture, the fury is past, and the great that  
Spent, the mad Captain General's wounded so, I hope I will  
Let out some of his hot blood—

Enter the King, Cleonitus, and Attendants.

*King.* Thy love *Alcippus* is dispos'd I see,  
And you in lieu of that return you owe me  
Index.



Inden your to destroy me.

—Is this an object for your rage to work on,

Behold him well, *Alcippus*, 'tis your Prince,

—Who dares gaze on him with irreverend eyes?

The good he does, you ought to adore him for,

But all his evils, to the Gods must punish,

Who made no Laws for Princes.

*Alcip.* Sir, I confess I'me culpable,

And were it not a sin equall to that

To doubt you could forgive me,

I durst not hope your mercy after it.

*King.* I think with all the tenderness I am guilty of,

I hardly shall be brought to pardon thee.

*Alc.* I humbly beg you will forgive him Sir,

I drew him too against his will, I forc'd him,

And gave him language not to be pardon'd

By any gallant man.

*King.* Whilst you intreat for him, who pleads for you?

For you are much the guiltier of the two.

And needst a greater interest to persuade me.

*Alcip.* It were not just to contradict my Prince,

A Prince to whom I've been so late a Traynor.

But Sir, 'tis I alone am criminal.

And 'twas I,

Justly I thought provok'd him to this hazard.

'Tis I was rude, impatient, insolent,

Did like a mad man animate his anger,

Not like a generous enemy.

Sir, when you weigh my sorrows with this action,

You'll find no base design, no villany there,

But being weary of a life I hated,

I strove to put it off, and missing that way,

I come to make an offer of it here.

*King.* If I should take it 'twere no more than just,

Yet once again I will allow it thee.

That thou maiest owe me for a second time.

Manage it better then the last. I gave—

*Ph.* —*Alcippus*, may I credit what thou'st said,

Or

Or do you feign repentance to deceive me? you shall not  
*Alcip.* I never could disguise my mind, but I am as I am.

And now methinks your behaviour is much to be commended  
When my dislikes, and little loves, are all forgot  
Makes me dislike all ways that may preserve it, 'till I see the good

*Phi.* If thou wouldst have innocents, thou shouldst not  
Thou shouldst not distrust them a life, which ought on shame to live  
To be preserv'd to give a proof of what thou say'st is true.

And dispossess me of those fears I have, till a son is born  
That 'tis my life makes thine displeasing to thee, my advantage

*Alcip.* 'Tis a high proof to give you of my duty, I should  
Yet that's more than I can give you, and I think I should

*Phi.* Let me embrace thee, and think thee for this world as dear  
He offers to part with his life, and I will not part with thee.

Why dost receive me coldly, I'm in earnest, I know  
And I love Honour, and esteem thee generous, and I will show  
I mean thee nothing but a perfect amity, by my gallant

By all my hopes, I've to move, and I will show  
All ends in this embrace, and to confirm it, I will show  
I give thee here my Sister to thy wife.

*Alcip.* Your Pardon Sir, I must refuse your bounty, till I know  
I must refuse your bounty, till I know, I must refuse your bounty

By what strange turn of fate I came thus to this air  
To you my Prince, I've done unheard of injuries, And I was I

And though your mercy do afford me life  
With this rich present too, I will show  
Till I could know I might deserve it, I will show  
That life will prove a Plague, and I will show  
Turn to the mother of it, I will show

*Phi.* *Alcippus*, 'tis not kind to doubt me, I will show  
Is this a present for a man I hate, I will show

*Alcip.* 'Tis true Sir, and your beauty, I will show  
Can I receive a blessing of this man, I will show  
With hands, I will show, I will show

Of your *Erminia's* murder, think of it, Sir, I will show  
For though to me it did appear, I will show  
You you must hate the man that has done you wrong, I will show  
Gall, I see, I see, I see, I see, I see, I see, I see, I see

*Alcip.*

*Alcip.* I must confess my fault is scarcely noted  
Of that fond passion which I had for her  
But I protest before the Gods, and you  
Did she still live, and I might still possess her,  
I would refuse it, tho' I were ignorant  
Of what the Gods, and your fair self design me.

*Phi.* To doubt thee were a sin below my name,  
And to declare my faith above my fear,  
Behold what I present thee with.

*Goats out, and enters again with Erminia*

*Alcip.* Ha. *Erminia*! I saw her last night  
— It is she, *Erminia*, appeared to me last night  
— And my deluded fancy  
Would have persuaded me 'twas but a dream.

*Phi.* Approach her, Sir; 'tis no fantasy  
*Alcip.* 'Tis she, her self, Oh Gods, *Erminia*!

*Alcip.* Ah Madam; do not fear me in this posture,  
Which I will never quarrel; you have pardon'd me  
It was a fault the most excusable  
That ever wretched Lover did commit  
And that which blinded me from following thee  
Was that I could not well repent the Crime  
But like a surly sinner fastidiously  
And said, I thought 'twas just I yet fair *Erminia*  
Hadst thou been mine, I would with face of Heaven  
Proclaim it just and brave revenge:

But, Madam, you were wife unto my Prince,  
And that was all my sin:  
Alas, in vain I hop'd for some return,  
And grew impatient of the kind delay,  
And frantically I then out-ran my happiness.

*Er.* Rise, I forgive thee, from my soul I do;  
Mayst thou be happier,  
In thy more glorious passion for the Prince;  
And all the joys thou'rt re-couldst hope from me  
Mayst thou find there repeated.

*Exit*

Enter King, Orgulious, and the rest.

Org. First, I'll keep my word with thee. Receive the welcom Present which I promised.

Er. Can you forgive the griefs I've made you suffer?

Or. I can forgive thee; tho' it was not kind To let me languish in a desperate error.

Er. Ah Sir, so well I know you lov'd me. That had you known it e're the Prince had own'd me, I fear you had restor'd me back again.

Org. My King already has forgiven that error, And now I come to make my peace with thee.

And that I may with greatest speed obtain it — To you, Sir, I resign her, with as much joy as when they unobserv'd me Of my opinion of her being dead —

Phi. And I with greater joy receive your gift. My Word Alcippus, are you pleas'd with this?

Alcip. Sir, I'm so pleas'd, so truly pleas'd with it, That Heaven without this blessing on my Prince Had found but little trouble from my thanks. For all they have shew'd on me, 'Twas all I wish'd next my Pretensions here.

Kin. Then to compleat thy happiness, Take Gallus, since her passion merits thee, As do thy Vertues her.

Er. Sir, I've an humble suit to your Majesty.

Kin. Conclude it granted then.

Er. Falatius, Sir, has long made love to Isilla. And now he has gain'd her heart, the slightest Conquest.

Yet all the fault he finds is that she's poor. Kin. Isilla's Beauty can supply that want.

Falatius, what do you say to't? By Jove, Sir, I'll agree to any thing; for I believe A handson young wife at Court may bring a man a Greater Fortune then he can in conscience desire.

Er. Aminta, be perswaded. [aside to Am. Am.



*Am.* He'd use me scurvily then.

*Alcan.* That's according as you behav'd your self, *Aminia*;

*Am.* I should dominier.

*Alc.* I then should make love elsewhere.

*Am.* Well, I find we shall not agree then.

*Alc.* Faith — now we have disputed a point I never  
Thought on before, I would willingly  
Pursue it for the Humour on't: not that I think  
I shall much approve on't.

*Pis.* Give him your hand, *Aminia*, and conclude,  
'Tis time this haughty humour were subdu'd  
By your submission, wharso're he seem,  
In time you'll make the greater slave of him.

*Am.* Well — not from the hope of that, but from my love  
His change of Humour I'm content to prove.

— Here take me, *Alcander*;  
Whilst to Inconstancy I bid adieu,  
I find variety enough in you.

[*He takes her and bows.*]

*King.* Come, my brave youths, we'll toil our selves with joys,  
And when we're weary of the lazy play,  
We'll search abroad to finde new Conquests out,  
And get fresh appetites to new delights;  
It will redouble your vast stocks of courage,  
And make th' uneasie Humour light and gentle;  
When you remember even in heat of Battel,  
That after all your victories and spoil,  
You'll meet calm peace at home in soft Embraces,  
Thus may you number out your happy years,  
Till Love and Glory no more proofs can give  
Of what they can bestow, or you receive.